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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION
SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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SAN DIEGO'S RIGHT TO BE HEARD

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that San Diego stood no show in the conference meeting called at Santa Barbara this week to decide in favor of San Francisco as the Panama exposition site. The resolutions were drawn and the verdict rendered in advance of the gathering. This is not to say the men who attended dealt dishonestly by San Diego; they probably believe San Francisco is better adapted to the holding of a world's fair, and the question of ethics has not been considered. San Diego's priority rights were ignored. The fact that she had declared her intention of celebrating the opening of the Panama canal in 1915 by holding a fair, long before San Francisco woke up to the opportunity, carried no weight. It was a case of might against right with the usual result.

We doubt if President Garland of the Los Angeles Realty Board is correct in asserting that ninety per cent of the people of this city favor San Francisco. The great Chamber of Commerce, with its membership of three thousand of the most representative business houses of Los Angeles, has declared in favor of San Diego, and declined to join in the Santa Barbara conference. Other chambers of commerce from Southern California, outside of Santa Barbara, refrained from participating. Beyond the half dozen delegates from Los Angeles and the local Santa Barbara contingent, the gathering was composed mainly of representatives from north of the Tehachapi.

We cannot see that the verdict of this one-sided convention changes the situation in the least. San Diego was not a party to the conference, nor can it be said that Southern California was represented to any extent. To all intents and purposes, it was a San Francisco love feast, with a few crumbs held out to San Diego, together with a little—a very little—grape juice. So far as Los Angeles is concerned, the action of the six delegates is not binding, nor yet is it satisfactory to the majority. We insist that San Diego's wishes be made known and respected before acquiescence is given to the pronunciamento at Santa Barbara. What proportion of the state help and what of the

national appropriation is she willing to accept—for no one supposes for a minute she will recede from her intentions of holding a fair. There must be fair play accorded her, for California cannot afford to have it said that because San Diego is numerically smaller than San Francisco, she could not get a square deal. Let us hear from San Diego on the subject.

SENATOR FLINT SHOULD BE RETAINED

THERE is a growing belief in the state that Senator Frank P. Flint can do more for California in the upper house at Washington than any other public servant that could be sent in his stead, and with this idea in view the sentiment is waxing stronger and stronger that he should be retained in office for another term. This feeling is reflected in the hesitancy of men of proved capability to become active candidates for the position. Like Mr. Willis H. Booth of this city, who was urged by the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders to get into the fight, he could not feel that Senator Flint was eliminated from the contest, and his loyalty being on a par with his inclinations, he declined to allow the use of his name.

We believe Senator Flint should be urged to reconsider his declination to run, and that it should be made plain to him that his duty to the state is paramount at this time. That he has represented California with dignity and profit, even his bitterest critics allow. We defy those who are accusing him of being dominated by railroad influence to point to a single public act that stamps him as a creature of the Southern Pacific. That he owed his election primarily to the machine organization is admitted, but at that time no other way was open. His high protection policy we do not like, but his loyalty to the citrus interests may be accepted in excuse for his adherence to the Aldrich program. We doubt if the gains were commensurate with the sacrifice, but Senator Flint's motive is not to be questioned.

There are many cogent reasons why no stranger should be sent to Washington in the near future in lieu of Senator Flint. He has many iron heating that Southern California is anxious shall not be allowed to grow cold, and if he is left in charge there is no danger of their being neglected. We urge our Republican colleagues throughout the state to express their approval of the junior senator's work and point out why he should be continued in office. His honesty, his probity and his ability are not to be questioned. He has won the respect of his colleagues at the national capital to an unusual degree for one serving his first term, and he enjoys the friendship and esteem of Theodore Roosevelt and of President Taft. Let there be a hearty expression all along the line for the retention of Senator Flint in office.

FORCING THE ISSUE

APPROVAL of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill is being urged by Mr. Taft as the first requisite to an indorsement of his administration. According to his telegram to the Illinois Republican editors, who met at Springfield last week, the President classes the tariff as progressive legislation, since in his appeal for indorsement he wired: "Stand by the action of the Republican congress and Republican administration in reference to the tariff bill and other progressive legislation." Thus do we live and learn. We had supposed the tariff bill was anything but progressive, yet here is Mr. Taft, assuring us that the "best ever" demands to be so catalogued.

That the President will have trouble in many of the states in trying to get his viewpoint sustained is a foregone conclusion. We doubt if Minnesota and South Dakota will stand for it, although it may wriggle through in North Dakota. But Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas will refuse to indorse the

tariff legislation, and we are not so sure about California. Still, the fact that seven of our eight representatives in congress voted with Cannon in the recent fracas indicates their belief in reactionary measures, including high tariff robbery. They could probably fill the congressional conventions with administration sympathizers and so railroad through a resolution such as Mr. Taft desires, but it would hardly represent the temper of the majority votes. The preponderating sentiment, we believe, is in favor of tariff revision—a long way downward.

If the men who helped to enact the tariff law are candidates for re-election, the issue becomes fairly drawn. In this district Mr. McLachlan has announced himself as desirous of being his own successor. He is a Cannon sympathizer and a man who believes in the high protection idea. Possibly, he represents a majority of the voters in the Seventh district, but we have grave doubts on the question. For the half a cent a pound raise on lemons, McLachlan voted with the reactionaries for everything they demanded. It was a heavy price the voters of his district, who are not interested in the citrus fruit industry, had to pay. This may be brought forcibly to Mr. McLachlan's attention at a later date.

Meanwhile, keep your eye on Maine. The state convention will meet in May and Senator Hale has agreed to deliver the indorsement that Mr. Taft covets. There is great dissatisfaction in Maine over the tariff, and we miss our guess if Senator Hale can deliver the goods. If he is not extremely careful an insistence may jeopardize his prospects for re-election. Since Mr. Taft has forced the issue we hope to see it fought to a determined finish.

STANTON'S CONVINCING PLATFORM

FOR the last two weeks Hiram W. Johnson, candidate for governor, has been making political speeches in Southern California. There seems to be no disposition on the part of the people to criticize Mr. Johnson; he is entirely within his rights, as would be any other citizen of the state who made a similar effort for a like purpose. It is doubtful if Mr. Johnson had any more votes in his pocket at the conclusion of his initiatory campaign than if he had remained at home. This is no reflection upon him personally. It is because, from the viewpoint of the voters of Southern California, no reason is presented why he should receive their suffrages. They have a candidate of their own here whose aspirations are highly regarded, and it is not to be expected that his rights to the support of his neighbors and friends will be overlooked or neglected.

It must be admitted, and with regret, that there are a few in this region who are not fair-minded enough to recognize the propriety of reward of merit and fidelity of public service, or who are sufficiently loyal to their own locality, to give their support to the home candidate. But this is by no means true to any considerable extent, and while these few are devoting their time in introducing a candidate from the north, the great mass of the Republicans of the south is quietly enlisting under the banner of Mr. Stanton, who has proved his merit, fidelity and unusual efficiency in public affairs by long and honorable service. How do the Republicans of this section relish the spectacle of a half dozen of their number scurrying over the state in search of a man to make the run for the Republican nomination for governor at the August primaries in opposition to a most worthy citizen of their own community?

It is not likely that the conduct of these few will be readily forgiven. There was no occasion for it. Mr. Johnson stands for nothing of importance that Mr. Stanton had not declared for long before the son of his father was selected

to make his sacrifice. We have before adverted to Mr. Stanton's letter acceding to the request of his townsmen and neighbors that he make the race for the Republican nomination. This letter was issued by him February 5, exactly two weeks before the half dozen Republicans from the south, with a like handful from the north, impressed Mr. Johnson into their service. In this letter Mr. Stanton tells that he is opposed to the maintenance of political bureaus or agencies by corporations or persons representing special interests, for the purpose of dictating, controlling or influencing legislation or executive action. Mr. Stanton finds such repugnant to the spirit and purposes of our government, and believes they should be suppressed by the enactment of laws prohibiting such evils under severe penalties. After declaring that he is in favor of such laws, whether enacted or not, he says:

Were I elected governor of this state, I should deem it my duty, in response to a well-understood demand of the people, to exert my whole power for the extermination of all such pernicious methods. Corporations, in the conduct of their business, are entitled to full consideration and protection in the enactment and enforcement of laws, and have the same right as other citizens to be heard on all matters affecting their interests, but corporations or other persons who seek to control legislation generally, whether it affects them or not, are enemies of the people and should be dealt with as such.

Mr. Stanton's expressed views are in keeping with the record of service he has made, and prove to all—except to those who are unwilling to believe—that he means precisely what he says and will live up to his declarations. All fair-minded men should be convinced by Mr. Stanton's record and by what he has said in his letter that he is a man of the people, and that he will be for the people at all times in his efforts in the administration of public affairs.

CANDIDATES THAT AROUSE NO FIRE

POSSIBLY, Judge John D. Works can capture the solid delegation in the next legislature, from Southern California, but we must reserve our doubts. Much depends on the personnel of the opposing Republican aspirant indorsed by the regular organization forces. Should Senator Flint decide to run again, that he could, at least, divide the delegation is not unlikely. If he continues steadfast in his determination not to be a candidate, and an able, aggressive Republican like Willis H. Booth is projected into the fight, the situation for Judge Works is not strengthened. Without a solid delegation behind him, the late president of the city council cannot hope for success in Sacramento.

Johnson—Wallace—Works. We are not overenthusiastic in viewing the material selected by the Lincoln-Roosevelt leaders. Johnson's antecedents cause one apprehension lest at any time the yellow streaks in the sire may become apparent in the son. We believe in the effort to secure political independence, but the chosen saviors of the state do not arouse any thrills. Wallace is of mediocre attainments; a good councilman, an excellent church member, having a fairly plethoric bank account. But heavy on his feet, lethargic, rather than alert of mind, whose interests flow in one channel. He is in no sense a big man among men, who would shine resplendent as president of the senate chamber and as a possible governor of the state in an emergency. Works is much bigger, but inclined to be a bigot. Theoretically, he has denounced in unmeasured terms certain actions of the police, for which, alas, his own associates, it has transpired, are in equal measure to blame. As councilman, the judge developed a tendency to do all the talking, all the time, and it must be confessed he grew tiresome. In relieving him of councilmanic duties, the L.-R.'s seem to have performed a neat bit of politics.

One string only is played by all candidates. It is down with railroad domination! We say amen to that, but we can conceive of a worse situation than corporation dictation. Not all the leaders now shouting so vociferously are actuated by the highest motives in belling the railroad cat, and were they to ride into power, the outcome might be just as unpalatable as the present conditions. As an independent voter, representing, perhaps, the aspirations of many similarly

situated, not affiliated with any league or organization, we are not overwhelmingly attracted toward the candidates that are to lead us to political redemption. As between Stanton and Johnson, we prefer the former; as between Works and Booth for the United States senate, we believe Mr. Booth is much better material to represent the state at Washington. Mr. Stanton is a man of performance. His platform will stand any test.

INSURGENTS SHOW WHITE FEATHER

ONLY eight of the insurgents in congress had the courage of their convictions and voted with the Democrats to declare the office of speaker of the house vacant. The remainder were moral cowards; the shibboleth of party was too strong for them and with victory in their grasp, fresh from a triumphant repudiation of the foul-mouthed old man, who for seven years has ruled congress, they voted like sheep to retain him in office. Their fight was not on the man, but on his methods, they affect to say.

Bah! Joe Cannon is as far worse than the system as it is possible for an old reprobate to be who for years has been influencing legislation in the interests of the few to the detriment of the many. There should have been not a spark of compunction manifest for him when the final test came. He should have been scotched as relentlessly as the rattler that darts out its forked tongue on the forest highway and disputes passage with the chance pedestrian. Naturally, the autocrat of the house is now found crowding over his re-election, pointing significantly to the fact that, whereas he had only twenty-six majority at the beginning of the session, the second vote last Saturday gave him an increase of eleven. He would rather, he says, "keep the Republican faith, and march under the Republican flag, advocating Republican policies, and fail, than march with the men who would disrupt the Republican party and succeed."

Buncombe! What faith has he ever kept except that with the beneficiaries of the blessed tariff, which is the curse of the party. Does he not realize that a revolt is in progress against the policies about which he prates, and that far better, far greater patriots than he are engaged in a movement that shall rid the party of the traitors to the country who have placed party above principle and robbed the masses of millions, in the sacred name of protection? That prosperity to which he alludes has come not because of what he and his kind have done to shackle the rank-and-file, but in spite of it. With much unctuous, Cannon refers to his alignment with the party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield, of McKinley, Roosevelt and of Taft. Yes, and there have been still greater humbugs similarly affiliated who have proudly pointed to their party associates while engaged in gouging the common people. Out upon such ghouls!

Speaker of the house he may remain until the end of the present term, but never thereafter will Cannon be inflicted on the party. The repudiation that came when he was excluded from the committee on rules, by a vote of 191 to 155, is the beginning of the end for Cannonism, as it is for all of the reactionary breed. Mr. Taft has been quoted of late as saying that hereafter he will cease to cater to the special interests, but will strive to find out what the people want. It is a praiseworthy resolve.

CRAZE FOR "REGULATING" MANKIND

AFTER a fair trial of the smoking ordinance, which limits the use of tobacco to a place on the rear open platform of a street car, the general opinion is that it is an arrant nuisance. Not that the men fail to observe the restrictions, but the women, in whose interests the ordinance was enacted, are primarily to blame for the non-success of the plan. If the ordinance went a step further and forbade women to ride on the rear open seats of a car, possibly the results would be more satisfactory, except that such an order might be provocative of much ill temper.

We have seen women occupying half of the seating capacity on the rear platform, while from two to six men—smokers—were standing, yet at the front end of the car perhaps five or six seats

were unoccupied. The smokers could not fill them, the women would not. If the ordinance were mandatory on this point, and said women "shall not" occupy seats on the rear platform, the remedy, in the case mentioned, might come by the conductor ordering the women to move ahead. But supposing they refused to go, who would undertake to compel them? Again, if the seats are unoccupied by smokers, why should women be debarred from filling them? It is too complex a question for the finite mind to grapple with.

Women, as a rule, are not averse to the odor of tobacco. If they are strongly opposed, there remains a way of escape, by going inside the car. These attempts at "regulating" mankind are irritating, and, occasionally, costly. That easterner, for example, who was peremptorily ordered by a fresh policeman to move to the rear platform, not knowing that he was violating a city ordinance by smoking on the front end of the car, and who, in starting to obey, was told to hurry, surely was justified in cautioning the impudent peace officer to be less offensive in his manner. Yet he was put under arrest and held in durance three hours, or until a police justice heard the complaint and promptly dismissed the alleged offender, who now threatens suit against the city.

There is only one step more to take, and that is to prescribe the brand of tobacco which shall be smoked on the public transportation lines. If the standard is set high enough, this might be a capital innovation, but so contrary is human nature that such an ameliorating effort to dispense sweetness and light is not likely to be appreciated. Think of the joy to spectators caused by the sudden advent of a tobacco inspector aboard a car filled with cheap tobacco fumes! But this is a subject well left to the imagination. We are out of patience with these freak laws, which have no place in a city that makes a special bid for tourist guests.

GRAPHITES

In compiling a list of the Republican papers of the state that favor Johnson for governor, the Riverside Press finds those of Southern California slow in announcing their preference. It designates the Los Angeles Times as the "principal booster" for Stanton, adding, "and it is supported in this stand by the Los Angeles Graphic, the Orange News, the Anaheim Gazette and the Covina Argus." There are others, however. We would call Editor Clarke's attention to the fact that our support of Stanton long preceded the stand taken by the Times of this city. In The Graphic of January 1, 1910, we presented the name of Philip A. Stanton as "Southern California's Candidate," certainly the first in the state to suggest Mr. Stanton for governor, and fully six weeks before the Times espoused his cause.

With that high priest of protection, John Dalzell, named as chairman of the new committee on rules, the insurgents who fought the recent battle against Cannonism must reflect how slight a measure of reward they have attained for their pains. Dalzell has been kept in congress for more than twenty years by the steel interests in Pittsburgh, whom he serves with great fidelity. He is a reactionary of reactionaries, a boon companion of Cannon and the quintessence of anti-progression. Except for the personal humiliation of having been specifically excluded from membership, the speaker might as well have headed the new committee on rules as Dalzell.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Evening Wisconsin of Milwaukee, in a recent issue had a sketch of Francis J. Heney, who celebrated his fifty-first birthday March 17, in which it was stated that Mr. Heney was elected district attorney of San Francisco, following his appointment by Attorney General Knox to take charge of the land fraud cases in Oregon. Of course, this is an error. Mr. Heney was defeated by Mr. Fickert for that office.

W. Friend Richardson, who in his palmer days owned and edited a Republican newspaper over in San Bernardino, where he was an important spoke in the Republican machine, has secured the Lincoln-Roosevelt indorsement for state printer, in the coming state primary. He is at present publisher of the Berkeley Gazette, in which city, we believe, he sought the position of postmaster a few years ago.

BROWNSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

THEN Dr. John Aikin it is doubtful if the pre-Victorian age produced a more delightful essayist on his favorite subject, poetry. His essay on song writing is a veritable classic, which to this day has no superior. It was first given to the world about the time the British surrendered at Yorktown, and its merit has been universally recognized. The scarcity of the original edition seemed to demand a later one, and in 1810, when the good doctor was in his sixty-third year, a new and revised edition of the collection of English songs that he had made was published, together with Aikin's masterly essays on song writing in general, on "passionate and descriptive songs," and on "ingenious and witty songs." It is this edition that I came across this week at the Old Book Shop, containing the supplement by R. H. Evans, for whom it was printed by W. Bulmer & Co., of Cleveland Row, London (1810). It was like picking up a brand new book, for the leaves were still uncut, although the little volume left the binder's hands just a century ago. Only those who find a genuine pleasure in browsing can know the joy that comes to him who uncovers a treasure of this nature. Dr. Aikin was called to his fathers in 1822, at the ripe age of 75. His daughter, Lucy, born in 1781, to whom the doctor gave a thorough classical education, inherited her father's love for poetry and his ability to write charming verse as well as critical prose. She devoted herself to the study of English history and literature, and before she died, at the ripe age of 83, she had written and published a number of works that enriched the literature of her time. The most important of these were the "Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth," "Memoirs of the Court of James I.," "Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Charles I.," and a "Life of Addison."

* * *

However, it is not of Lucy, but of Lucy's father, that I propose to treat, and not so much of him as of his views on what constitutes good poetry—"that sacred art which beyond every other elevates and refines the soul." Dr. Aikin concludes that the original poetry of all nations must have been confined mainly to the description of external objects, and the narration of events. This because of a necessary consequence of the barrenness of infant language with regard to abstract ideas and, in fact, confirmed by the remains of antiquity which have reached us. Among a fierce and warlike people poetry was solely employed in rehearsing the valorous deeds of their heroes. In happier regions, where the mild inhabitants were suited to the softness and luxury of the climate, the "business" of poetry was to paint the surrounding profusion of beautiful objects, the pleasing incidents of a pastoral life, the tender cares and ravishing delights of love. Thus Ossian depicted the dreadful battlepieces of the Caledonian, mingling storms, roaring torrents, swelling oceans, lightning and thunder. Theocritus, on the contrary, decked out the rural landscape of the Grecian with the murmuring brook, the green meadow, the bleating flock, the simple shepherd and his artless fair. There was the passion of military glory in the one and of love in the other. But, points out Dr. Aikin, even these sentiments must be expressed by a reference to external objects. The lover who had sought for natural comparisons to paint the charms of his mistress, must seek for others to reflect the emotions of his mind. He must burn with desire, and freeze with disdain; rage with the ocean, and sigh with the zephyr; hope must enlighten him with its rays, and despair darken him with its gloom. Then the effects which the passions produce upon the body would also prove a happy source of the description of emotions.

* * *

Thus, the fluttering pulse, the changing color, the feverish glow, the failing heart, and the confused senses, being natural and invariable symptoms of the passion of love, would soon be observed by the poet, and successfully used to heighten his description. Simple and natural all this, with poetry the faithful copyist of external objects and real emotions. But the poet cannot long be confined within prescribed limits. The eyes of the mind requires gratification of its noble longing. This is imagination, which peoples the world with new beings, which embodies abstract ideas, suggests unexpected resemblances, creates first and then presides over its destinies with absolute sway. To sum up: naturalness and simplicity to move the passion; in painting the beauties of nature an air of reality must be given. When the aim is to elevate and surprise, to gratify a love of novelty and the pleasing luxury of indulging the fancy, all the powers of fiction must be set at work and the imagination employed without

control to create new images and discern uncommon resemblances and connections. How accurately and philosophically, as well as poetically, Shakespeare has described this faculty:

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

* *

In the uncultured state of all nations, the union of music with poetry has been a natural sequence. In all languages, the words expressing vocal music have been also used indiscriminately to signify poetry. The sacred name of song was a general term to express all that the sister muses of poetry and melody could combine to delight the ear and ravish the heart. This enchanting union is now in great measure dissolved, observes Dr. Aikin, who ventures to assert that it was not poetry, but her less sentimental companion, music, that began the separation. The luxury of artificial harmony, taking place of the simple graces of melody, rendered instrumental music chiefly sought after, and the assistance of poetry in consequence unnecessary. In this age of sensual indolence, the ear instead of being the avenue to the heart, expects to be gratified merely as an organ of sense, "and the heroine, poetry, must give place to the harlot, music." Examining the poetical remains of antiquity, Dr. Aikin finds various examples of pieces which deserve to be classified as song. That beautiful relique of Sappho, beginning (vide Mr. Phillips' excellent translation):

Blest as the immortal Gods is he

is declared to be an exact model of song writing. The poems of the gay and sprightly Anacreon are almost all songs; the Odes of Horace may be so designated—all of which have been handed down to us under the denomination of lyric poetry. It would seem that the ancients had no idea of the music of sounds without words, and they appear seldom or never to have used vocal music without accompaniment with instrumental. The lyre was the favorite instrument for this purpose, hence that species of poetry designed to be sung to music acquired the term lyric. One of the oldest pieces of Grecian lyric poetry extant, is a heroic ode sung by the Athenians at their public feasts, in commemoration of Harmodius and Aristogiton. The Odes of Pindar celebrate the victors at Olympian games, and the hymns of Callimachus, as I pointed out in dealing with this topic several months ago, rise to the praises of the gods.

* * *

Song-writing, then, is a branch of lyric poetry. The rude original pastoral poetry of the country constitutes what we call ballads, whose language is that of nature, simple and unadorned—not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage. Sentiment follows, wherein love is set forth in all its various forms of desire, doubt, jealousy, hope, despair. This may be called the pathetic in poetry. A third class is formed by the operation of the fancy requiring ingenious comparison, striking contrast, unexpected turns, and all the pleasing refinements of art. To revert to the ballad form, which is analogous to the idea given of original poetry, being the rude, uncultivated verse in which a popular tale of the times was recorded, it reflects that superstitious credulity and that passion for the marvelous which always attend a state of ignorance and barbarism. Anyone who has read Dr. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," must have reflected how the character of the nation displayed itself in striking colors. These ballads, which were wont to be the delight of the vulgar, are now merely an object of curiosity to the antiquarian and man of taste. With an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin author, language became more refined, and the epic muse forsook the homely garb of the popular ballad to strut in the borrowed plumes of heroic poetry. Followed the pastoral style, general in character and sentiment, but particular in description, with the passion of love the eternal source of inspiration, calling for the exercise of the utmost abilities of human genius. The pastoral song formed upon the ballad model abounds in simplicity of language, which gives it an air of nature and reality, though the fictitious character be maintained.

The English alone, of all the moderns, asserts Dr. Aikin, have known how to unite the most perfect simplicity with real elegance and poetic expression. In proof is appended a delightful little collection of ballads and pastoral songs, containing not a few of the sweetest flowers of English poetry. There is the "Friar of Orders Gray," in which that old, old stanza, favored by Shakes-

peare, first appears, with almost identical wording:

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Except that the great bard's version is:

One foot in sea, and one on shore

There is the affecting ballad of "Colin and Lucy" by Tickell, "William and Margaret" by Mallet, Gay's "Black-Eyed Susan," "The Mad Maiden," and Shenstone's famous pastoral ballad, in four parts, "Absence," "Hope," "Solicitude," "Disappointment."

* * *

To Sappho is accorded the honor of giving to the world a "perfect" model of the passionate song. While time has left us only scanty remains of her work, enough survives to show that she poured forth her whole soul in those amorous odes which will ever be the finest examples of elegance and sensibility. The joyous Anacreon succeeded, but with a different turn of sentiment. His lyre was tuned rather to gaiety than to tenderness, and his Venus was more the easy companion of a bacchanalian than the object of delicate and refined emotions. In Horace, the passionate warmth of Sappho, the easy gaiety of Anacreon, and a superior strain of fancy and poetical enthusiasm proper to himself are united, but, on the whole, he is less frequently tender than gay, or sublime. Among the Romans, the elegiac poets chiefly excelled in the natural and simple pathetic, and Tibullus is regarded as the purest example of this kind of writing. Ovid, though thoroughly acquainted with the passion of love, and abounding with warm and natural descriptions of it, was, in general, too much under the dominance of a lively fancy to be long a pathetic writer. Many examples of the passionate and descriptive songs are given, proving that the English follow the classic ancients with a bold and vigorous step, and strain hard for the palm of victory.

* * *

As to the ingenious and witty songs, the moderns are not nearly so much indebted to the ancients for their models; wit, as the doctor observes, being the latest growth of the mind. The ancients had hardly attained to it before the deluge of Gothic barbarity broke in, and swept away all the tender plants of literary genius. In that elegant and delightful artifice of composition, called wit, the early writers were deficient, their attempts being coarse and unpolished. Ovid had a brilliant fancy, but it was of an erratic turn, his wit being counterfeit quite as often as it was true. Martial was epigrammatic, Anacreon and Horace smart in sentiment, but not possessed of true wit. Various writers have attempted to give a definition of wit. I like the version of Lock and Addison, which, in a nutshell, is, "A junction of things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they are unexpected." When comparison is employed as the source of wit, its excellence lies in such opposite qualities that the more dissimilar the objects are in general circumstances, the more strongly do they promote that effect, which, as the definition first cited imports, proceeds from the "junction of things by distant and fanciful relations." Thus, in the following simile from Hudibras,

Now like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn,

the total dissimilarity of the objects in every circumstance, except that which brings them forcibly together, raises the highest degree of surprise. For this reason, contrast joined to comparison perfects the idea of wit. Referring to the constancy of an unfavored lover, Hudibras gives us this delicately witty simile:

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

Dr. Aikin points out the nice distinction to be observed between song and epigram. The latter is a single piece of wit put into verse. Its perfection consists in great brevity, ease and perspicacity of language, and in such a manner of conducting the thought as to conclude with that striking turn which constitutes the point of wit. It is universally agreed that absolute singleness of thought is essential to the epigram. Whether this rule will be so strictly applicable to the song, will admit of discussion. I wish I had space to reprint a few of the ingenious and witty songs included in this charming collection. The reader of taste, having remarked those niceties of composition and delicate variations pointed out by Dr. Aikin, which he might, otherwise, have missed, finds an ample store of beauties lying open for his inspection.

S. T. C.

First Impressions of Mrs. Tingley's Educational Work at Point Loma

IN common with a great many others, I had unconsciously imbibed certain preconceived notions concerning the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma; not that they were of a nature at all discreditable to Mrs. Katherine Tingley, but simply erroneous and wholly superficial. For many months I had been promising myself a personal study of the educational system of which Raja Yoga Academy is the center and a few days ago I found the opportunity.

* * *

My escort across the eight miles of perfect roadway from San Diego to the Point was Secretary J. H. Fussell of the International Brotherhood League. Mr. Fussell is a bachelor man of perhaps forty-three or four, whose half-military dress suggests the militant spirit within. If I had not found to the contrary, I should have written him down an ascetic, whose outer covering concealed a hair shirt and whose views of life were tinged with melancholy. To the contrary, Mrs. Tingley's well-read and indefatigable secretary is broad of vision, genial rather than morose, human enough to sit down and "talk it over" at the point of a good cigar, and with no evidences of the bigot in his mentality. I found him excellent company. He is a mine of information concerning things theosophical. For the last three years of W. Q. Judge's life, Mr. Fussell was his confidential secretary, and ever since Mrs. Tingley succeeded to the leadership he has occupied a like position with her. He is the soul of discretion, of loyalty and of enthusiasm for the cause. When, in the course of human events, Mrs. Tingley's humanitarian work must be laid aside and she is called to join her distinguished predecessors, Helena P. Blavatsky and William Quan Judge, she could not find a more faithful or conscientious biographer than Mr. Fussell to do her present incarnation justice.

* * *

This ideal secretary is typical of the executive heads placed by Mrs. Tingley in charge of all the important branches of the work. It is natural selection so nicely adjusted, so admirably estimated that friction is reduced to the vanishing point and the maximum of results with the minimum of worry seem to follow. Herein, Mrs. Tingley proves her greatness. Her lieutenants are worthy of their chief. At the administration building the presiding genius is J. F. Knoche, a brilliant young business man, to whose watchful care are entrusted the vast details of the Homestead Association. In the outside world Mr. Knoche would be a prize worth having to any business house, and accounted a bargain at ten or twelve thousand a year in salary. Mrs. Tingley and the cause receive his services at Point Loma without price. The best that is in him goes to the furtherance of the humanitarian work planned by Mrs. Tingley, with no thought or desire for pecuniary reward. In like manner the accomplished young southerner, Ross White, auditor and treasurer for the Homestead, gives his alert mind and undivided attention to the work, considering it a privilege in fact to be able to do so. Another clever young southerner is S. G. Bonn, superintendent of the Aryan Press printing establishment, whose services would be in demand in any first-class publishing house in the country. I have mentioned these three young Theosophists because of their unusually attractive personality and remarkable intellectual attainments, and yet they are not unlike a dozen more of whom Mrs. Tingley has made selection to carry on the executive work. There are lawyers, artists, craftsmen, doctors, musicians, teachers—all men of mark in their respective lines of endeavor, and all perfectly sane, rational, delightfully intelligent companions, whom it is a privilege to know. Of such is the personnel of Point Loma.

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If the men are interesting, let me hasten to emphasize the fact that the women are not one whit their inferiors. Far from it. One of the most superior minds I ever encountered is centered in Mrs. Ethelind Dunn, directress of Raja Yoga Academy—her brilliant husband, Prof. William A. Dunn, is in charge of the boys' department. Mrs. Dunn has a genius for imparting knowledge and she is as equally successful with the tiny tot of four as with the thoughtful student of eighteen or twenty. Self-control is the first requisite of the Raja Yoga pupil, and it is learned, primarily, in the nursery, where the baby of six months is taught this grandest of all at-

tributes. I saw a good evidence of it in a little girl of ten, who, having missed an example given her by Mrs. Dunn, in a test lesson, was on the point of tears and a breakdown when her teacher rallied her so successfully that the gathering mists were dissipated, the smiles quickly returned and the lesson recited without another error. It was a triumphant exposition of the theory that is dominant at Point Loma.

* * *

From children of four to young men of twenty, with all ages in between and of both sexes, I had opportunity of seeing in class work, and I should say they stand, on an average, about two grades ahead, in each division, of the average public school pupil. The girls are fully as advanced as the boys, and so keen are their young minds that I find myself marvelling at their proficiency. Mrs. Dunn is well enforced by able assistants. One of the brightest women on the grounds is Mrs. Marjorie M. Tyberg, head teacher of English literature, whose excellent work aids materially in the success of the system. Another keen mind is that of Mrs. J. F. Knoche, whose contributions to the Century Path Magazine, of which Mrs. Tingley is the editor-in-chief, are of special merit. Yet another bright woman is Mrs. Estelle C. Hansen, whose success as a teacher is marked. In the art department is Miss Edith White, formerly of Pasadena, whose rose studies, as will be recalled, evidence a high order of talent. I mention these women by name because of their exceptional ability, and because all speak in most grateful and reverential terms of their leader, to whose genius for planning and suggesting they give all the credit for the success. What impressed me, first, was the perfect contentment to be noted among the keen minds with which Mrs. Tingley has surrounded herself. All seem to regard it as a special privilege to be of the headquarters staff, for the Point Loma institution is the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, a world-wide organization of which Mrs. Tingley is the acknowledged head.

* * *

It is amazing to think that ten years ago the chaparral and sage brush at Point Loma were so thick that it took weeks to make a small clearing. No better tribute to Mrs. Tingley's splendid executive ability could be advanced than the acquisition of this noble tract of land. I believe the 1,200 acres cost originally about \$75,000, and I imagine that \$2,500,000 is a fair estimate of the value of the grounds today, irrespective of the improvements. The buildings erected indicate the oriental trend of the leader's tastes, but no slavish imitation has been followed in anything. Both the Raja Yoga Academy and the Aryan Temple are exceedingly graceful in their lines, and the corridors, with their wonderful pillars and still more marvellous domes, are of haunting beauty. Occupying slightly spots on the crest of the hill, they easily dominate the landscape, blending beautifully with sea and sky. They are many glorious views at Point Loma, both inland and seaward. One of the most attractive lies to the east of the Temple, a tall, long line of eucalypti, which at dusk stands, sentinel-like, on the border of the homestead. As the shadows of night fall, they loom large in silhouette, gigantic mural decorations suggestive of Will H. Low's best work and filling the soul with joy.

* * *

Let no one imagine that Point Loma is a retreat for the feeble-minded. To the contrary, the exact reverse is true. The keenest intellects, the cleverest wits are ensconced at this institution of learning, men and women both, whom to know but slightly is a privilege, and to know well would be to one's intellectual profit. All are students, teachers as well as pupils, and all are in a state of mental progress—engaging in that research work which is intended to develop the divinity in man or, as Hamilton Mabie said of Abraham Lincoln, the Godhead in man. The constant effort of teachers and students of the Raja Yoga schools is for the uplift of the diviner attributes and the consequent retrogression of the baser feelings. It was explained to me that it is not great artists or scientists or business men that Point Loma is striving to develop, but great souls, rather; men and women whose faculties are being attuned to meet situations and master them; to an all-round development of heart and mind. There is no drudgery of work; every member of the staff does his or her part cheerfully and with alacrity. The clever wife of a clever lawyer,

for example, is at the head of the culinary department, of which she makes much. There is no complicated housework for the women of Point Loma. They have no meals to worry over or vexed servant problem to solve. Mrs. Tingley's alert mind has eliminated all this from the daily itinerary.

* * *

I was delighted with what I saw of the publication plant. A fine Miehle perfecting press, with several small jobbers, run by electric power, linotype machines, a bindery and an excellent photo-engraving plant turn out exquisite press and book work. The Century Path is the weekly magazine, devoted to the promulgation of Theosophy, and the Raja Yoga Messenger is a monthly for the younger folk. But from the Aryan Press issues quantities of printed literature on theosophy that is sent to all parts of the world. Music seems to thrive peculiarly well at Point Loma, and the composing germ is in active operation. One little girl of nine, whom I met, was radiant that day. Her teacher, as a special reward for her good work, had told her that hereafter she might practice one hour a day instead of only thirty minutes, her previous stipulated time of study. When I told that to a small boy of my intimate acquaintance, who rebels at fifteen minutes' daily practice, he expressed great scorn, but then, alas, he is not a Raja Yoga student.

* * *

Outdoor studies are not least among those pursued at Point Loma. A capital forestry station is maintained in the able care of George Gowsell, whose love for everything that grows is self-evident. It is another case of natural selection. If I were asked to sound the keynote of the Homestead gamut I should say, unhesitatingly, the spirit of unselfishness. There is a constant striving, it is true, but it is in an ethical direction and for the common good, with nothing sordid to mar the serenity of teachers and scholars. The younger the pupil, the finer his or her development, which surely is a marked tribute to the system. Upward of two hundred scholars are enrolled in the several divisions of Raja Yoga Academy, and I understand there is a large waiting list. The school is self-supporting. Music has attained a high perfection of development, but in no direction is the child's mind developed unevenly, at the expense of another attribute. This normal educational balance is one of the charms of the system.

* * *

"But," argued a delightful non-theosophist mother, with whom I was discussing the Point Loma institution, after my visit, "isn't it shocking to think of parents giving up their children entirely and thereby cutting out the home life?" It may sound shocking, but it is the reverse. The children are given the soundest and best of training, ethically as well as educationally. Their teachers are far better fitted to shape the young minds than the average parents, whose affections so often warp the judgment. Once a week there is a reunion, and at these home gatherings there seems to be no diminution of affection on either side. It is, really, the quintessence of unselfishness to give up the children for their good. When all parents have reached that stage of development attained by the Raja Yoga teachers perhaps these separations will be unnecessary.

* * *

There are many plans under way for the further good of the students when the funds shall permit. Owing to the rip tide, bathing off the point has been interdicted by Mrs. Tingley, but in lieu it is hoped before long to erect a fine plunge on the beach, just above the forestry station, large enough to accommodate both sexes. This is to be one of the early improvements introduced. But where so much of the income is devoted to charitable work—for there are scores of children fed, clothed and educated by Mrs. Tingley without thought of pecuniary reward—it is not possible to do more than this indefatigable leader has done with the limited means at her command. Hers is a practical religion, and the theosophy she teaches and preaches makes for purified humanity that finds its greatest expression in doing for others. From the child just lisping in numbers to the graduate of the academy, happiness exudes in every step taken or word uttered, and as for sickness, it is almost unknown at Point Loma. My last view of Point Loma, as I left at dusk, Sunday evening, was of the lighted dome of Raja

Yoga Academy. That light burns every evening the year round. It is the flame of knowledge and symbolizes the work of the International Brotherhood.

* * *

I did myself the honor of calling on Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Spalding, Sunday afternoon, and was cordially received in the beautiful home they have leased under Mrs. Tingley's helpful suggestions, on the crest of the hill facing the Pacific. The house is octagonal in shape, and the interior decorations are in excellent taste and of an artistic finish. Mrs. Spalding is a Theosophist in her beliefs, and is a beautiful character, living the life she has found so resplendent with happiness. Whether or not Mr. Spalding is similarly inclined I did not learn, but as he seems singularly happy and free from corroding care perhaps I am not far wrong in guessing that his mind is equally tranquil. He has a fine stable, and has shown his interest in civic affairs by joining with Messrs. Spreckels and Scripps in the building of the fine roads that are a feature of San Diego, of which the perfect roadway to Point Loma is a fair sample. I should call this trio, Spreckels, Spalding and Scripps, three capital S's.

* * *

There is a tent village in one corner of the domain, adjoining the main traveled road from town, where strangers are entertained irrespective of their religious beliefs. A capital refectory is maintained, and for a moderate charge the outsider may receive excellent entertainment. The grounds are leased by Mrs. Tingley to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who are in charge, and they are worthy of every confidence.

* * *

Mrs. Tingley lectured on Civic Morality the Sunday evening I was there, filling the Isis Theater from pit to dome with a most attentive audience. She is a forceful speaker, rather deliberate than otherwise, with a little trick of gathering mental momentum as she paces the rostrum, preparatory to hurling a telling argument. Her sincerity is not to be questioned, and her frankness in dealing with the social evil, its causes and its cure, commends her utterances as worthy of the deepest consideration. It is evident that she has a large and enthusiastic following in San Diego, wholly outside the limits of Point Loma. I took pains to gather the drift of public opinion regarding Mrs. Tingley and her work in a morning passed in San Diego, and I was impressed by the genuine respect entertained for the Theosophist leader among all classes and conditions of people. To have engendered this feeling so close at home, among those who don't know theosophy from therapeutics, is distinctly to her credit, and proves that the early prejudices resulting from ignorance and the unfair attack of malignant minds, have long since been dissipated. Incidentally, San Diego ought to treat Point Loma with great distinction, since upward of \$6,000 a month is dispensed in the Bay City to its shopkeepers for the upkeep of the Homestead.

S. T. C.

McLachlan Faces a Dilemma

Representative McLachlan was in a dilemma when it came to choosing between love and duty in the revolt against Speaker Cannon, a week ago today. Meyer Lissner wired McLachlan, requesting that he align with the anti-Cannonites, and in response, the congressman from this district replied that such a move meant the election of a Democrat to succeed Mr. Cannon, and he could not countenance such a step. In view of the fact that he is a member of the house rivers and harbors committee, by the grace of the Republican house organization and Cannon, McLachlan could hardly do otherwise, although his action may cost him the Lincoln-Roosevelt support in the coming campaign. I am wondering where he will finally alight, anyway. The Seventh district congressman will be forced to declare himself before long. No Cannonite can be elected in this district. I look to see George S. Patton declare himself a candidate at the proper time.

Dawn

The morn lay like a babe in arms
On the mists of the dew wet hill;
And the pool by the violet hedge gleamed white,
Still wrapped in the mauve moon's subtle light,
Like a maiden wreathed for her bridal night
Or crowned with the Holy Virgin's veil.

The thorn flower felt the kiss of dawn
And held the blush in her pure young heart;
The lamp that burned by the wayside shrine
Cast a fainter ray on the One Divine,
And the Dawn Angel murmured, "Mother, mine,"
As he knelt by the bars where the day shines through.

—EVERETT C. MAXWELL.

STRIKING PRODUCTION OF MADAME X

MISS DOROTHY DONNELLY'S performance of Madame X, which I saw a few nights ago at the New Amsterdam Theater, called forth the most extraordinary demonstration of feeling I have ever seen from a Broadway audience. The play is superb melodrama, adapted from the French of Alexandre Bissell. It uses melodramatic license to its fullest extent, it draws upon the possibilities of impossible coincidences, but in spite of this it piles emotion upon emotion until the nerves of men, women and children give way and the theater is filled with the sound of weeping. Though melodramatically morbid, the play leaves no lingering after taste. It wrings the heart, but the emotion is of that pleasurable sort that brings people in crowds to the theater. Although it is realistic, the realism is not of the distressing sort that we meet daily. It is of the theater. We can sympathize with this unfortunate woman and know that she has no real counterpart in life. Yet, the dramatist has used the primal love of a woman for her child as the basis of action, and with its help he has relieved the brutal picture of a woman's degradation until she stands forth as a triumphant martyr to the brute instinct of protecting her young.

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In a brief prologue is set forth the chief characters of the play and the circumstances that bring about the drama that takes place twenty years later. Jacqueline Floriot has left her husband for another man. This man dies, and two years later, she comes to her husband, begging forgiveness and the privilege of seeing her little son, who is ill and very near to death. Floriot, who has just tried unconvincingly to make us believe that he still loves her, refuses her permission to see her son, and brutally turns her away from his house. Twenty years later we meet them again. She has followed the downward path, and is in company with Laroque, an adventurer. She is a drug fiend of the lowest type, driven to drinking ether to kill memory. In an unguarded moment, she has dropped a hint of her former position, and at the suggestion of a pair of confidence men, Laroque probes for further information, with the intention of blackmailing her husband and securing from him the hundred and twenty-five thousand francs she brought when she married him. Her brain is not so befuddled that she cannot see what an attempt of this sort will bring to her son. He believes her dead and she prefers not to disturb his belief. She will do anything to keep him from learning what a creature she has become. In the ensuing struggle she kills Laroque, is arrested and brought to trial. Her one desire now is to die without having her identity known.

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In the days that intervene before the trial, she refuses to speak. Not a word has escaped her since her arrest, when she said to the questioning sergeant, "I did it to save someone I love." Her son, now grown to manhood, is appointed to defend her, and the boy's father, her husband, is invited to hear him make his maiden speech. Ignorant of her identity, the young man is called upon to make his appeal to the jury. At the sound of his name she starts to her feet with a cry, and then settles back in her seat with a smile of contentment. The cards have foretold the truth. She is face to face with death and she has been permitted to see the man she most hates and the man she most loves. Her son's imagination has been much affected by the course of the trial. The speech he has prepared fades from his mind, and there surges into his brain every little extenuating circumstance. "She did it for some one she loved," he pleads. He pictures the beauty of the love she has clung to in her degradation. He pictures the things that led to her fall, he scores the man who was responsible, and, with tears running down his face, he begs mercy from the jury. The father, recognizing his wife and the justice of his son's condemnation is bowed with shame. Mother love lights up the face of the woman.

* * *

Once she promises to break her silence, but when she recognizes her husband and son she relapses again into stubborn refusal. But the young lawyer wins the day. The jury acquits her. Her boy comes to thank her for the chance he has had through her to make a name for himself with his first case. Then he learns who she is, and at last understands the inexplicable tenderness that came over him while he was pleading for her. She suddenly catches his hand, and the force of her grasp almost makes him give way. He wants to take her in his arms. But now she clasps him, and the dearest wish of her heart is granted. In the rush of happiness that comes over her, she is

almost ready to forgive her husband for what he has done to her. The son rushes to tell his father, but before they can reach her side her overstrained heart gives way and she sinks back, dead.

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Everything that can be used to call forth emotion is brought into action. The scene is splendidly built up, not a single opportunity is lost by the dramatist. The honors of the playing fall to Miss Donnelly and Mr. William Elliott. It is difficult to imagine the roles of Madame X and Raymond Floriot better portrayed. Miss Donnelly has taken infinite pains with the part. Her make-up is superb. The woman is a broken wretch, yet she is not repulsive. She calls forth pity without making demand for it. We see such women on the streets now and then. They are what they are and they make no pretense at anything else. They take themselves as a matter of course. Miss Donnelly studied for the effect of the drugs in the psychopathic wards in Paris, and her picture of Madame X is a composite of the many unfortunates she saw there. At no point does she overact, and the part she allows to play itself. Another actress of less skill would attempt to take liberties with it and by overplaying would spoil its effectiveness. Miss Donnelly is to be congratulated, not upon the vigor, though it is vigorous, nor upon the realism, though it is realistic, but upon the artistic quality of her acting, that does not allow an out-of-place gesture or tone. We see her fatigue, mental and spiritual, we feel her benumbed faculties, her misery and her undermined constitution, but the wreck is illumined by the glow of mother pride and tenderness.

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Mr. Elliott, as the son, gave a surprising performance. He seemed so boyish in most of his scenes that one did not look for the depth of earnestness he put in his impassioned appeal. Tears are sometimes difficult for a woman, but for a young man they would be fatal if they were not absolutely sincere. As he stood there, with the tears raining down his face, pleading with the jury, he stood on dangerous ground, but his tremendous sincerity wins. The tears seem not so much a dramatic effect as part of the cry from his heart. The lesser parts were well taken. Mr. Harry Bradley played a bit excellently. The only misfit seems Mr. Robert Drouet, who is not intended for emotional roles, as he seems to have no depth of feeling. The part of the husband offers beautiful opportunities, but Mr. Drouet's voice, facial expression and hands destroy the opportunities as fast as they come. His hands are impossible. No matter what the situation, they are either busily stopping a street car or handing someone a cup of tea. His idea of expressing emotion is to make a face or to wipe his eyes with a very large white handkerchief. He has an excellent opportunity for facial expression in the trial scene. If he cannot make use of it, it is a pity that he should interfere with the scenes that belong to Miss Donnelly and Mr. Elliott by waving the distracting handkerchief. If he cannot act, he might keep still.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 21, 1910.

Mystery in Devlin's Rejection

Just how it happened that Robert T. Devlin, United States district attorney, was rejected by the senate in Washington, when it came to his confirmation by that body, has long been a mystery. Devlin, in former years, was one of the mainstays of the regular Republican organization, and his appointment by President Roosevelt occasioned not a little surprise. In fact, had he been named in the first instance by the present national administration, the insurgent Republican press doubtless would have indulged in sharp criticism. But, coming when it did, several years ago, Mr. Devlin's induction into his present position, like that of United States District Judge Van Fleet, was accepted as a matter of course. After having served one term of four years, with Senator Flint as his special sponsor, that Mr. Devlin should have been turned down by the senate is puzzling, to say the least. It is explained that he has been suspended, virtually, because of the unjust indictment of an alleged land conspirator. Still, it is strange that the powers in control of affairs in California have not been able to prevent the result that has taken place. Mr. Devlin is one of the well-known lawyers of the state, a former resident of Sacramento, where he served for a long time as a member of the upper house of the state legislature. More than once he was spoken of as gubernatorial material, and for a time, a few years ago, he was mentioned for the United States senate.

IN CASE OF INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE

HERE is a young woman who might well provide a heroine for next Fourth of July orations. Moreover, she intends to have a voice in the affairs of the nation, whether she lives to witness the triumph of the suffragists or not. Miss Florence Baldwin Woods came by her patriotism naturally, for she is daughter of a surgeon in the United States navy, the late Dr. George Woods of New York. When wooed by an ardent Britisher, Miss Woods refused to relinquish her independence until her suitor consented to become an American citizen. Hence it is that George Arthur Cruz, who has been a resident of San Francisco for the last twenty-five years, made application for final citizenship papers. Mr. Cruz secured the novel ante-nuptial certificate last week and left for New York to claim his bride. Doubtless, Mrs. Cruz will continue to exercise a wholesome controlling influence upon her husband's politics. Should he be lax in the discharge of his civic duties, one can well imagine his wife disciplining him promptly and effectually. If the agitation for "votes for women" continues along its present torrid trail, we may yet hear of divorce proceedings being instituted on the ground of a husband's failure to exercise his franchise.

* * *

In that fiercely discussed novel of sexual psychology, "Ann Veronica," H. G. Wells suggests that Englishmen who have more than one vote might give one of them to their wives. "Women," he makes one of Ann Veronica's suitors remark, "have far more power than they think, as influences, as inspirations."

"You say you want a vote," said Mr. Manning, abruptly.

"I think I ought to have one."

"Well, I have two," said Mr. Manning, "one in Oxford University and one in Kensington. . . . Let me present you with them and be your voter."

It will be remembered that Mr. Wells' heroine refused to recognize this subtle proposal of marriage, and replied, "I want a vote for myself. I don't see why I should take it second hand. Though it's very kind of you. And rather unscrupulous. Have you ever voted, Mr. Manning?"

But to return to Miss Woods, who by this time should be Mrs. Cruz. Imagine if her patriotic example were followed by the daughters of the millionaires whose hands and fortunes are sought by impoverished lordlings and dukelets from the British Isles. Complaint is constant of the enormous number of American millions annually transported and spent abroad. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post calculates that American tourists leave four hundred and fifty million dollars every year in Europe, and, incidentally, maintains that they get very little for their money. What the annual matrimonial export is I do not know. There seems to be a slump in that market just now, possibly due to the present somewhat precarious fate of the British peerage. But if Miss Pittsburg would follow Miss Woods' example, and turn a deaf ear and a closed purse to the suit of the Earl of Seven Dials, unless he consents to become an American citizen, the international matrimonial industry might be further reduced, and many millions of money made in America kept at home.

* * *

That Mr. Cruz had been in these United States for a quarter of a century and had occupied an important position in the business world without becoming an American citizen seems strange, but his is by no means an uncommon practice. Many Britishers content themselves, as Mr. Cruz had done, with taking out their first papers—"of intention." It has never seemed to me that this was an entirely honest or straightforward course. If an alien swears to his intention of becoming an American citizen, remains in the country and makes his living therein, surely it is his bounden duty to fulfill that intention in due season. Too many Englishmen—there is no difficulty about the Irish and little about the Scots—take out their first papers in order to obtain certain civic advantages and also that they may be able to fence with the awkward question which is prone to arise as to their citizenship. The California law ordains an interval of five years between the declaration of intention and the taking out of final citizenship papers. It would be a wholesome amendment that, if the candidate neglects to take out his final papers after ten years, his original application should be cancelled.

* * *

It is a curious reflection that any man should be satisfied to make his home, raise his family and build a fortune in a country in the government of

which he has no voice. He is subject to that government, national, state and municipal, but is callous of the sovereign right which is offered to him on generous terms. Of course, he flatters himself that he is displaying an admirably sturdy allegiance to the country of his birth, and takes a secret pride in what is only obstinate and stupid sentimentalism.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler needs no press agent. By his personal efforts he keeps himself and, incidentally, the University of California constantly before the American public. Everyone must have been deeply impressed by the numerous cabled reports of the intimate terms of friendship established by President Wheeler with the German emperor. One remains with the mental picture of Dr. Wheeler dropping in at Potsdam for breakfast, and giving his friend, William, his views on everything from Greek roots to international politics. The picture is somewhat spoiled by Dr. Wheeler's latest achievement. Presumably, the European papers did not publish the fact that the last man, before Dr. Wheeler, to attempt to break the record for speedy traveling between a European port and San Francisco was James Coffroth, the prize fight promoter. Fresh from the side of the kaiser, it is almost painful to find Dr. Wheeler following in the footsteps of Coffroth. Hitherto, most of the Benjamin Ide Wheeler "stunts" have had some saving grace in their originality.

Of all the insane novelties contrived for the gratification of jaded appetites, the recent dancing endurance contests in San Francisco seem the most degrading. We shrink with nausea from the sanguinary cruelty of a Spanish bullfight, which is by no means without some redeeming qualities, and many of us hold up our hands with horror at the occasional brutality of the prize ring, but it is still possible in this Christian land of progress and refinement for three thousand people to gloat over the distress and pain of crazed couples dancing until they drop in their tracks. It seems that the police interfered at the last disgusting performance, after three couples had "endured" for more than fifteen hours, but that the interference was so hotly resented as to cause a riot. Nothing but sheer brutality could suggest such a contest; nothing but the lowest desire to witness the sufferings of fellow creatures could draw spectators. The police should have stopped the performance before it began. R. H. C.

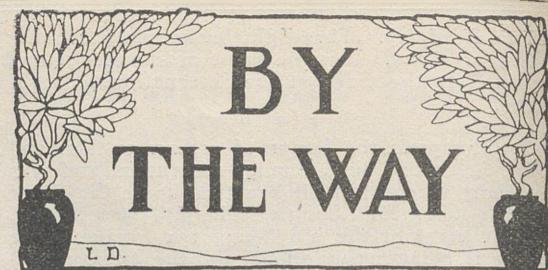
Santa Barbara, March 22, 1910.

Bishop Conaty's Gift to Public Library

I hope more of our public spirited citizens will emulate the example set by Bishop Conaty, who has presented to the public library a number of rare works of Irish history and art. This treasure trove the bishop picked up when he was abroad. Of special interest is the "Annals of Ireland," a compilation of the ancient history from the earliest period to the seventeenth century. This unique work was translated from the original Irish of the Four Masters by Owen Connellan, with annotations by Philip MacDermott (1846). "It was undertaken," so I learn from a most interesting note in the Tidings of recent date, "under the auspices of Fergal O'Gara, lord of Moy O'Gara and Coolavin, and completed in the Franciscan convent of Donegal, between January, 1632, and August, 1636; the principal authors of the compilation were four in number: The Brothers Michael O'Clery, and Conary O'Clery (the former a Franciscan friar, the latter a layman), their kinsman, Cucogry (or Peregrine) O'Clery, head of the Tirconnell Sept of O'Clery, and Cucogry Duigenan, a native of the country of Leitrim; O'Maoilconroy (OConary), and Maurice O'Maoilconroy of Roscommon, hereditary historians of the kings of Connaught; they used, in their work of compilation, all the existing historical documents which they were enabled to collect after long and diligent research, digesting the materials and arranging them according to the order of time, but retaining for the most part, the precise language and form of each of the originals which they followed; and their name, 'The Four Masters,' is a title not selected by themselves but applied to them by Irish writers generally, since the days of Colgan, who appears to have been the first to adopt it."

Judge Wilbur Indorsed

By the indorsement of Judge Curtis D. Wilbur for the supreme bench, the state executive committee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League has done well. The step thus taken indicates, apparently, that no matter which way the cat jumps, Southern California will have at least another member on the state's highest judicial tribunal.



Brave Ending of Young Jack Graves

It was a brave Jack Graves whose young life was snuffed out at his parent's home in Alhambra, Wednesday evening, after an illness of only three weeks' duration. Realizing that the attack of acute pneumonia, with which he was seized, was likely to prove fatal, he never once added to his mother's grief by advertizing to a fatal termination, but to the end maintained a cheerful exterior and passed quietly away, serene in the knowledge that he had not caused either his father or mother additional pain. Named after his father, J. A. Graves, vice-president of the Farmers' and Merchants' National Bank, the brave lad lacked several months of attaining his nineteenth birthday when the great summons came. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Graves have the more tender condolences for the bereaved parents, because of the tragic death of their son, Selwyn, three years ago. A third son, Francis, remains to them and two daughters, Mrs. Hugh F. Stewart and Miss Katherine Graves:

His young life went down too soon,
His young life went down at noon,
Into night.

Carnegie Leaves Us "A Friend"

In inviting Andrew Carnegie to be its guest of honor at a banquet, given at the California Club, last Tuesday evening, the Chamber of Commerce has made a lasting friend of the ironmaster, who privately stated that never had he been better entertained in his life. The decorations were in fine taste, the music excellent, the dinner in the club's best style, and the speeches by Stoddard Jess and Lieut.-Gen. Adna R. Chaffee most interesting. As usual, Joe Scott proved his rare gifts as a toastmaster, convulsing Mr. Carnegie at times by his ready wit and again surprising him by his profundity. The address by the guest of the evening was received with great attention and all felt that Mr. Carnegie was speaking from the heart when he closed his talk by saying: "I came to Los Angeles a stranger and I leave it a friend." To James Slauson and his banquet committee, great credit is due for the unqualified success of the affair.

Passing of Edward J. Le Breton

In the death at San Francisco last week, by apoplexy, of Edward Joseph Le Breton, receiver of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, the Little Sisters of the Poor, both here and in San Francisco, have lost a steadfast and generous friend. The Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor at First and Mott streets, in Boyle Heights, was built by Mr. Le Breton a few years ago at a cost in excess of \$400,000, duplicating in this city the Home he built for the Sisters in San Francisco. Mr. Le Breton was a native son of French extraction, whose charitable deeds bespeak his great goodness of heart. He had held a number of positions of trust in various San Francisco banks, culminating in the presidency of the French-American Bank of that city.

Sidelight on the Passion Play

With no thought of criticism, and only the broadest sympathy, I refer to the financial failure of the recent Passion Play. William Stoermer, general director, did splendid work in preparing this stupendous production, I understand. He worked not less than eighteen hours a day for many weeks, not only taking care of business details, but rehearsing the great company of several hundred people. In addition, he took the leading part himself. His presentation of Christus proved that he is an actor of much merit. And yet he seems to have mistaken the field. I am told that the southern state was billed from Tehachapi to Tia Juana. An avalanche of advertising was launched. Carloads of scenery were brought and trimmed down to fit the Auditorium stage. The management itself announced that all preparations cost in excess of \$15,000. Therefore, the sale of seats was required to equal this great sum before the Franciscan Fathers could realize a penny. This expenditure for one week's presentation seems to have been too great by more than one-half. Southern California, for such a brief production, never can produce so large a box-office fund. It would have been better to have

experimented upon a smaller scale, when, in my opinion, fully as good a sale would have resulted. It is to be regretted that the gracious church work of the Franciscan Fathers has not been forwarded by this magnificent production.

Secretary Fleming's Mild Buncombe

I have been greatly edified by reading a paean of praise on his work as secretary of the Los Angeles harbor commission, which that fierce anti-corporation patriot, A. P. Fleming, has been disseminating. Among other "eminent authorities" quoted is "Robly" D. Evans, to whom the sobriquet "Fighting Bob" instead of "Blatant Bob," has been applied. In an article entitled "Will the Railroads Throttle the Panama Canal?" this eminent authority is quoted as saying: "An examination of the ports on this coast (Pacific coast) last year, disclosed the fact that Los Angeles was about the only port that hoped to have a water front that could be advantageously used by an independent line of steamers." This will be great news to all the other ports on the coast that have no Secretary Fleming to look out for their interests.

Herbert Goudge Misses a Plum

I am pained to note that the aspirations of my friend Herbert J. Goudge, to fill the office of state insurance commissioner are doomed to disappointment. Governor Gillett has let it become known that he intends to bestow this plum on his private secretary, E. C. Cooper, who is a native of Humboldt county, and in the opinion of the governor, fully competent to attend to all the matters connected with the office. I can only say that the state loses an opportunity to enlist a mighty good man in its service when Herbert Goudge, formerly assistant city attorney and a lawyer of high merit, was passed by.

Joke on the District Attorney

With the hope that I am not creating a new issue in the county campaign, I desire to print a new story regarding District Attorney J. D. Frdericks' countenance. This time it has nothing to do with Abraham Lincoln. All who are acquainted with the captain know that he carries a grave and serious "phiz," well tuned to momentous occasions when the jury is hearing the last word. This face is well worth the money, if my readers will pardon the expression. It goes with the dignity of the office. Yet my sympathies are strongly with the comedian at the Orpheum this week who succeeded in convulsing his entire audience, save one, a grave-faced man near the stage. The funmaker redoubled his efforts in order to make the verdict unanimous. He wanted no hung jury. But the effort was fruitless. As a last resort, Mr. Comedian drew up with a jerk, and, leaning over the footlights, addressed the honorable district attorney as follows: "Say, mister, take off your glasses and you may be able to see the point." Then the captain actually laughed, for he really enjoys a joke on himself.

Will Irwin's Mission Here

Will Irwin, the writer, has been visiting in Los Angeles, and the object of his mission, I understand, is to gather material for one of the important weeklies of the country for a detailed story upon the taints used in tarring the daily press. It need surprise no one if, when Irwin's story is published, a chapter or two is devoted to a big morning paper, that usually gets in wrong, so far as public sentiment here is concerned. Mr. Irwin was a San Francisco newspaper man a few years ago; he and his brother, Wallace, have made a marked success of their contributions to the weekly and monthly magazines.

S. F. Home Telephone Gossip

Los Angeles investors who assisted in financing the San Francisco Home Telephone Company in the 1907 panic, soon will have their patience rewarded. That enterprise, I understand, has reached a most favorable turn in its career, and fat years for the recent lean ones are in sight. It will be recalled that much hard cash was needed to save the San Francisco enterprise, just at a time when dollars were extremely scarce. Among those appealed to were Bishop Conaty, Henry E. Huntington and others, who subscribed large sums toward the enterprise. A corporation was organized to take over the construction of the company and to guarantee that it would be completed, and those who came to the rescue now are about to reap their reward. At an early day the new company having equipped the San Francisco Home Telephone system will take it over, and after it has been reimbursed for its outlay, there will undoubtedly be a merger of all of the San Francisco Bay Home Telephone interests.

Later, the bonds of the underwriting syndicate will be distributed, and the stock, so much velvet, will be listed, in this city as well as in San Francisco, when it should get to the public at a price averaging around 50. The stock is likely to prove a dividend payer early in the summer.

Fielding Stilson as a Dairyman

Fielding J. Stilson has a brand-new Jersey cow—or is it an Alderney? This week he forgot all about Oleum and the Midway gushers to equip his private dairy. Having purchased:

1 milking stool.
1 strainer.
2 bright tin pails.
6 pans (assorted sizes).
1 pair rubber gloves.
1 ton alfalfa.
1 chunk rock salt.
1 fly net.
5 bushels of bran.

he started off to Kensington road with his supplies. Most of these he had with him in a taxicab—all but the alfalfa and the bran. Whether he was taking home a dairymaid at the same time, I could not be sure, owing to the dim light. Perhaps Fielding intends to make his own milk punches. Imagine him at 6 a.m. in his khaki uniform, coaxing the critter:

"Co' boss! co' boss!" the mild bovine
Against the stall-post rubs her spine
And lows with joy as Fielding throws
Alfalfa cutlets 'neath her nose.
The milking stool he deftly centers,
Right where the milky fluid enters,
And in the hollow of her thighs
His dome of thought he gently pries.
His rubber gloves he then extends
Around the bovine's bulbous ends,
And how his soul with rapture thrills
As he the milk pail quickly fills.
The foamy mass, with steps elate,
He carries through the barnyard gate,
And in the kitchen pours a stream
The strainer through of purest cream.
Anon the junior Stilsons swim
In Jersey richness to the brim,
And as their little bodies swell,
Their pater murmurs, "It is well."

Judge Rose Drops Into Poetry

Police Justice Henry Howard Rose of this city is a great lover of early Americana. He comes by this trait naturally, for his ancestors date back to pre-Revolutionary days, at which time his forbears, all Tories, found it convenient to cross the line into Canada. One of his mother's ancestors, Andrew Sympson, a pedagogue of Stirling, N. B., was addicted to the muse, and a poem he wrote, called "The Wife's Delight," fell into his great grandson's hands recently while overhauling old treasures. This poem, with certain emanations by Justice Rose, is here published for the first time:

Some men they do delight in hounds
And some in guns take pleasure,
Some men rejoice in war and wounds,
And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men delight o'er seas to sail,
And some delight in riding,
But all these judgments do them fail
There's no delight like chiding.

At early dawn I ope my eyes
To greet the orb of day.
Before my husband e'en can rise,
I scold him—then I pray.

When I at table take my seat,
Whatever be the meat,
I first do scold, and then say grace,
And then begin to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I always do complain.
Too raw, o'erdone, too young, too old,
Faults I can find or feign.

Let it be flesh or fowl or fish,
It ever shall be said
That I'll find fault with every dish,
With husband or with maid.

And when I go to bed at night,
I heartily do weep,
That I must part with my delight,
I cannot scold—and sleep.

However this doth mitigate
And much abate my sorrow,
Although tonight it is too late,
I'll early scold tomorrow.

George Stewart of Fine Caliber

If it is true that George H. Stewart has agreed to make the race for the city council, in the special election soon due, the community is to be congratulated. In addition to being a large property owner, George Stewart is level-headed, able

and clean. Left to his personal inclinations, like Washburn, he probably would avoid the council chamber. If he permits himself to be persuaded to stand for election, it will be because of a sense of duty. He has been at the head of the Chamber of Commerce, which in itself is a sufficient guarantee of his mental and moral caliber. By the way, with the election of Councilman Lusk as president of that body, Los Angeles, for the first time in a number of years, sees a Democrat at the head of the chamber.

Frank Hicks Makes a Hit

Frank Hicks made the hit of the evening at the Chamber of Commerce banquet to Andrew Carnegie, last Tuesday evening, at the California Club. When the orchestra played, "I Love a Lassie," Frank, who sat at the table adjoining that of the guest, on the right, gracefully stepped out and in a rich baritone trolled forth the well-known words, with Andrew rapturously beating time and joining in the refrain. In response to thunderous applause, the song was repeated, the two hundred banqueters this time accompanying the soloist.

Candidate Mouser Files His Petition

Frank H. Mouser, who would be secretary of state, has the credit of being first to file his nominating petition for a state office in Los Angeles county. Mr. Mouser has done me the honor to call since I expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of so ubiquitous a gland-hander. He is not sure yet whether I was poking fun at his candidacy or was spreading the glad tidings abroad, but, at any rate, he knows that publicity is a most desirable thing to have. Mr. Mouser goes to San Diego next week to shake a few more hands of the Bills and the Johns, the Dicks and the Harrys of that region.

Walter Parker Home Again

I see that Walter Parker is back in the city, after an absence of several months. Walter's health had not been of the most robust, prior to his leaving for the east, just before the holidays, and he has been gravitating from one hot springs to another, seeking to recover weight and rotundity. It was given out recently that he had determined not to be a part of the passing political show in the coming campaign, having been ordered by his physicians to discontinue all activity in this direction if he desired to prolong his life. It is doubtful, however, if the prescription, as outlined, will be followed by the patient. The Republican machine is heading for the rocks, and it will require all of the pilot's skill to prevent destruction between now and the August primary.

Why Gates Withdrawn

Judge Works, as candidate for the United States senate, is about third choice of the Lincoln-Roosevelters. Willis Booth, I understand, stood first, and Lee Gates, second. When Willis decided that his loyalty to Senator Flint barred him as a candidate, the league turned to Lee Gates, who was willing to make the race providing he could find an angel to finance his campaign. Mr. Gates is not wealthy, and he told his friends frankly that if they wanted him they must supply the needful. Lacking an angel, he withdrew from the contest, and the president of the council was handed the bauble. I shall not be at all surprised now to see Senator Flint succeed himself. And Theodore Roosevelt, I venture to say, will be found urging his friends on the coast to get behind the junior senator, whom he greatly likes.

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EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

Japanese Prints—Blanchard Gallery.
Mabel Packard—Gould Gallery.
Benj. C. Brown—Bentz, Pasadena.

By Everett C. Maxwell

As a rule, artists are not model housekeepers; that is, not from the housewife's point of view. Personally, I rather like some of the methods I have seen employed by certain of my artist friends. For instance, why waste the space beneath a couch? I know the studio of a certain eminent portrait painter which is always quite well ordered, but beneath the couch is treasure trove of several years' accumulation. "International Studios" and other voluminous publications upon esthetic subjects make excellent weights to keep the creases in one's Sunday trousers, as I have had amply demonstrated to me by a much-talked-of impressionist painter. But I haven't begun "my confessions," that is, not yet; I may one day for sufficient consideration, then, artist friends, look out for "exposures."

* * *

My topic was disorder, and here we arrive at the studio of Carl Oscar Borg, in the Majestic Theater building, Monday afternoon preceding the Tuesday shipment of this favorite artist's thirty-five splendid new canvases to San Francisco for his exhibition at the Bohemian Club in that city. Naturally, there is more or less confusion attending the crating of so many sizable pictures, but I soon forgot all that, so interesting were the paintings themselves which Mr. Borg displayed against a packing crate for my consideration. The greater part of this goodly collection is new and has been painted since fall from the sketches Mr. Borg made in South America and on the Santa Rosa Islands. This output is the result of much systematic endeavor, and proves the artist's capacity for hard work and concentration.

In all of Mr. Borg's work is to be traced the mingled tendencies of the explorer and the poet. One canvas may be a graphic description of a phenomenon in physical geography, and the next will plunge you deep into the heart of the enchanted forest, vibrant with the cry of the Valkyries or sleeping beneath the spell of a Wagnerian enchantress. From his earliest youth, far places have called this artist, and he has crossed wide seas to answer the summons. As a result, his work shows marked versatility and splendid originality. I know of no other of our young western painters whose advancement has been so marked or who evinces greater promise for a brilliant future.

These new canvases are a remarkable improvement over his work of last season. His technique has broadened perceptibly. His color is well handled, and his values are understood, while many of his compositions are of unusual merit. Best of all, there is a delightful feeling of out-of-door light and air, and in most of them a poetic touch which makes them things of beauty and sentiment. Among the noticeable canvases which it was my good fortune to see were "On Santa Cruz Island," "Spring, California," "Seal Cave," "Golden Hour," "The Worshiper," "El Cerro," "Solemn Night," "Between Showers," "A Monument to the Conquerors," "Lonely Hill." I am sure there were more which deserve mention in the crates on which I sat, so I consign them to the mercies of the northern critics.

* * *

One of the most interesting events of recent note in local art circles was the able lecture on "The Color Prints of Japan," given by Mrs. Andrew Stewart Lobingier, in connection with the Japanese print exhibition in Blanchard Art Gallery, Friday afternoon of last week. Mrs. Lobingier handled her subject in a personal manner which showed a vast knowledge and understanding, and her interpretation of this wonderful art manifested a deep poetic insight. By the force of her delivery and her telling statements that had in them the ring of truth, she carried her audience with her throughout the lecture,

winning many new converts to this form of art. I regret that space forbids my reviewing the lecture at length, as it would make excellent reading for those interested in a broader art knowledge. Perhaps, later, I may offer my readers this treat.

* * *

An exhibition of fifteen miniatures by Mabel Packard opened at the Raymond Gould Gallery, on West Fifth street, Monday, to continue two weeks. Miss Packard is passing the winter in Los Angeles. For a time she was a student at Stanford University, later going to Chicago to study at the Art Institute. From there she went abroad and studied in the Academie Colarossi in Paris, adopting miniature painting as her chosen profession. She exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1902 and has since exhibited in a number of American galleries. She won a medal at the St. Louis Exposition (1904), and is a prominent member of the Chicago Society of Artists. Her work shown at this time is positive and sincere, her handling direct and her color fresh, making more for strength and vigor than for mere prettiness, which is the besetting sin of most miniature artists.

set of the most exquisite mellowness is seen through the foliage. The unusual charm of the sky must be seen to be appreciated.

* * *

Joseph Greenbaum has just completed a portrait of Mrs. John Newton Russell, the canvas of which is 7 by 3 feet. This is one of the best, if not the best, of Mr. Greenbaum's portraits of women. The likeness is absolutely true, and the poise of the figure full of dignity, beauty and grace. An unfinished canvas on Mr. Greenbaum's easel is of the Hon. P. A. Stanton, ex-speaker of the house. The portrait, which is a state commission, will hang in the capitol at Sacramento.

* * *

Ralph Fullerton Mocine has taken up his residence at San Pedro for the summer. This is Mr. Mocine's favorite sketching ground.

* * *

J. Bond Francisco exhibited his late work in landscape painting at the Hotel Raymond, in Pasadena, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

* * *

A. Aktarian, maker of crafts jewelry and importer of antique jewels and



GEORGINA STRAUSS, AS CARMEN, AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

I see no reason why a painter of miniatures cannot employ as definite a technique as does the portrait painter. Happily, Miss Packard does. Among her most praiseworthy subjects are portraits of Mrs. J. P. Gallagher, "Young Woman in Black," "Girl With Auburn Hair," "Old Fashioned Girl," "Symphony in Green" and "Portrait of Young Boy."

* * *

Mrs. Lorraine Windsor, an interior decorator of artistic merit from Chicago, held a private view and exhibition of her designs at the Hotel Alexandria, Friday and Saturday of last week. About one hundred invitations were issued.

* * *

Pasadena is enjoying a fine collection of California landscapes by Benjamin C. Brown, now being shown at the Bentz Gallery. A pleasing feature of this exhibition was a "studio tea," Saturday afternoon, March 19. I am glad to note that the Blanchard Gallery is not alone in its transgressions.

* * *

Frank C. Coburn, who is becoming locally known for his clever painting of night street scenes, has just placed his canvas called "Lights of Hope," in the Y. M. C. A. building. This beautifully lighted building on Hope street was the motif for this interesting canvas. Mr. Coburn reports several late sales.

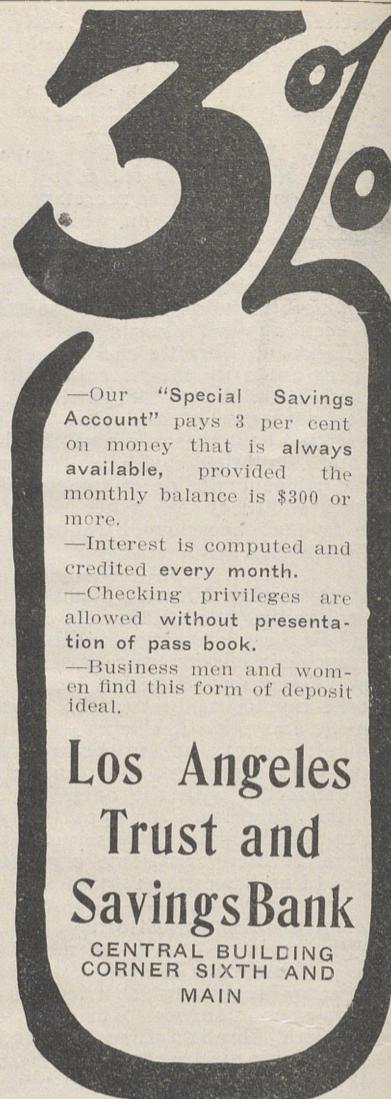
* * *

J. F. Kanst is a happy man this week. He is especially lucky at finding things—that is, artistic things. His latest treasure is a George Inness landscape under date of 1880. This canvas, which is one of the artist's latest ones, is painted in his best style and is of rare beauty. From a foreground rich, dark and luminous, a roadway loses itself in a group of trees in the middle distance. Far beyond a sun-

gem, is a recent arrival from Chicago. His work is of a high artistic order.

Bullock's Novel "Chanticleer" Display

Bullock's snared the fickle fancy of the public the past week with a striking array of Chanticleer windows. At first passersby were convinced that the department store had converted its show windows into a barnyard, but closer inspection revealed the fact that the haughty roosters and wise owls reposing among the feathers and furbelows were but decorations. So novel was the display that the crowds gathered about the windows threatened to impede traffic. And the result of the exhibition is that the Chanticleer fad has "caught on" with a vengeance, especially in millinery. The Parisian mind has conceived nothing more daring than the great drooping hats, encircled with bands of serese velvet and topped with a beady-eyed rooster, or the jaunty bonnets with waving quills of blue and red and gold. The soberest of chapeaux is enlivened with a deft touch of Chanticleer. The newest silks for spring gowns are shown in Bullock's, in the striking red Chanticleer shade, which is made doubly effective under black lace. The scheme has even been carried to such feminine vanities as petticoats, stockings, belts, parasols and handbags. By dint of much telegraphing and many rush orders, Bullock's managed to get a shipment of everything but the petticoats. When it was found impossible to get those silken necessities, they had them made to order here, with a whole flock of reproductions of the king of the barnyard stenciled on the ruffles. The wide, leather belts are in red and black and in red and gold, with nobly handbags to match. But the most striking vanity is the Chanticleer parasol—flaming red, with Chanticleer heads forming the knobs on the long aristocratic handles.



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By Blanche Rogers Lott

The second concert of the sixth season of the Alice Coleman chamber concerts was given in Pasadena last week, Thursday evening. Los Angeles lovers of chamber music will find these concerts well worth the trip to the suburb. The same remark made last week in the review of the last symphony concert is here applicable, that local organizations like the orchestra, the Lyric, Orpheus and Ellis clubs, and such chamber music concerts as Miss Coleman's, can do more for American music than societies organized for the purpose of forwarding the cause. Miss Coleman, on this occasion, did honor to Arthur Foote. The Krauss Quartet, Arnold Krauss, first violin; Oskar Seiling, second violin; Julius Bierlich, viola, Ludwig Opitz, violoncello; played Foote's string quartet in G minor, op. 4. This work will not rank among the great quartets, but it is pleasing for melodies, logical in construction and always worth playing or hearing. The quartet was in excellent form, except for faulty intonation, occasionally, which might have been due to the climatic conditions that caused the strings to break. Harry Clifford Lott sang three songs by Arthur Foote, "The Eden Rose," "Before the Sunrise," and "Love Me, if I Live," and for an encore "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," by the same composer. These four songs are among Mr. Foote's best efforts.

That marvelously conceived piano quintet, op. 81, by Dvorak, was given by Miss Coleman, and the Krauss Quartet in a thoroughly musicianly manner. The sympathy between the players was pronounced and notwithstanding the constantly recurring difficulties in rhythm, the ensemble work was satisfying. However, there was a decided lack in contrast, the many delicate parts being too heavy in all parts. I would like to hear this fine combination of musicians do some exaggerated effects in color. The next program will present, a marvelously beautiful quartet by the Russian, Balakin, and a Brahms piano quintet.

It was most gratifying to the friends of Adelaide Gosnell and all those interested in the success of young music students that an audience that taxed the seating capacity of Blanchard Hall, last week, attended her piano recital. Adelaide is a thoroughly normal girl, who plays in a sincere but buoyant way, quite refreshing. An inability to hear the entire program prevents a complete review of the concert. The fantasia op. 28 (Mendelssohn), the prelude and fugue of Bach showed a grasp on the numbers quite remarkable in one so young (Adelaide is thirteen), a splendid foundation technique, and a keen sense of rhythm. It is not expected that she is a rounded out pianist now, and no one realizes this more than her teacher, Mrs. Ogilvie, to whom she owes so much. The many gradations of tone, minute attention to the pedais, these important things are not mastered by the young lady as yet, but with the evolution through which all students must pass, much may be expected of talented little Adelaide Gosnell and her further development is a matter of course.

Considering the many attractions which have gathered Los Angeles music lovers together since the beginning of the season, it was a genuine compliment to Mme. Maud Powell that a large audience heard her concert Tuesday evening. Maud Powell always deserves a hearing, for, aside from her attractive personality, she is without doubt the greatest woman violinist, and one of the best American players. I own to a keen disappointment in the change of program, which withdrew the sonata by Franck. However, a Powell program is always one of excellence, and no one was sorry to hear the masterly rendition of Tschaikowsky's D minor concerto, one and the first movement. The duo by Schubert was a number rarely heard here, and held the audience during the three

movements by the complete interpretation given it by the two artists, Mr. Liachowsky did his best piano playing in this number. In Massenet's "Meditation" from "Thaïs," the lusciousness of Mme. Powell's tone showed to its best advantage, and in this number was a warmth of expression very welcome to the program. Her arrangement of Chopin's "Minute Waltz" seemed to attract the audience, but with the wealth of compositions written for the violin, doesn't it seem uncalled for to appropriate such a well-known piano number when nothing is really gained by the change. The versatile Debussy was represented by an ingeniously humorous "Golliwog's Cakewalk." Other numbers were two piano solos by the pianist, and the always popular Faust Fantaisie—Wieniawski. Mme. Powell is always a welcome visitor to Los Angeles.

Josef Riccard, a pupil of Thilo Becker, gave a piano recital Friday evening, March 19, at the concert hall of his teacher. The young man has unquestionable talent and is excellently equipped already for piano work in broad lines. His rendition of the Chaconne, D minor, by Bach-Busoni, was a scholarly performance of a stupendous work. The technical difficulties were overcome with such ease by the player that they were forgotten temporarily by the listener, who was left to admire the combined efforts of a Bach and Busoni. Mr. Riccard's program included MacDowell's Sonata Tragica, to which he does full justice, and Gavotte (Gluck-Brahms), Prelude (Josef Riccard), Sposalizio (Liszt), Marche Militaire (Schubert-Tausig), which I regret not to have heard.

An addition to the musical fraternity of Los Angeles is Charles H. Demorest. Mr. Demorest was elected a member of the Southern California Organists' Association at its last meeting. As a pianist, Mr. Demorest has done concert work in some of the largest cities in the middle west. He has acted as accompanist for many artists of worldwide renown, among whom may be mentioned George Crampton, the famous English basso; Suzanne Adams, formerly prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, and Walter Unger, principal cellist of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago. His organ sonata won first place in the famous Weidig composer recitals in Chicago in 1908. While living in Chicago, Mr. Demorest had charge of the classes in theory, harmony and musical history in the piano school of Mary Wood Chase.

Myrtle Elwyn gave a second recital last Saturday afternoon at Simpson Auditorium. There seems to be no end to this wonderful young pianist's endurance, for, in addition to her long program, made up of all kinds of intricate difficulties, she played encores after each group. When Miss Elwyn adds more depth and genuine sentiment to her playing and realizes the importance of varying her playing by more tranquility of style and poetic insight into the compositions, she will easily have a settled position as one of the great pianists of her day.

Ralph Ginsburg, the talented violinist pupil of Arnold Krauss, will leave for Brussels, April 7, to remain for an indefinite period, under the great master, Caesar Thomson.

Dalhousie Young left here Friday for New York, and sails almost immediately for England, where he will remain filling concert and lecture-recital engagements until late in the fall, when he will return to the Pacific to join Mrs. Young, and the winter will be passed in Japan.

One of the most perfect string quartets in the world today, the Flonzaley Quartet, plays here April 28. And here is the opportunity for every teacher of music in Los Angeles to do something for music of the highest type. If every teacher took two pupils to this concert, Simpson Auditorium would be packed. For a musician to absent himself or herself from a concert of this kind shows a lack which he or she should look into, and this applies to singers and all instrumentalists alike.

The date of the second concert of the American Music Society's concert will be April 15, and the program will be devoted to local composers. The

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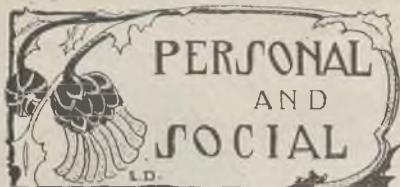
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EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

SUNDAY—Wedding of Miss Ruby Archer and Dr. Frank Newland Doud at the home of the bride's mother Mrs. Almena Allen Archer, in Granada Park; afternoon.

MONDAY—Mrs. Philip Gengembre Hubert of Hobart boulevard, informal reception at her home in honor of Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Ridgley of San Francisco; evening.

TUESDAY—Mrs. Elden P. Bryan and her daughters, Mrs. Luther T. Bradford and Miss Bryan, large luncheon at the Bryan residence in Westmoreland place. Mrs. Ward Chapman, 254 North Soto street, informal tea in honor of Mrs. J. S. Chapman and Mrs. Archibald McCutcheon.

Mrs. Edward C. Magauran of South Alvarado street, bridge party; afternoon.

WEDNESDAY—Reception by Mrs. William H. Perry and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood at the family home in St. James Park, to introduce Mrs. Wood's eldest daughter, Miss Elizabeth Wood. Mrs. Donald Gray Keeler of New Hampshire street, bridge luncheon for Mrs. Myrtle R. Sheridan of St. Joseph, Mo. Mrs. Elizabeth Nash and daughter, Mrs. John B. Cornwell of Wilshire boulevard, large card party; afternoon. Musical at the Annandale Club by Mrs. T. P. Phillips of Palmetto Drive, Pasadena. Wedding, Miss Aimee Brunswig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunswig of 2640 West Adams street, to Mr. Alexander Ford of San Francisco, at the home of the bride's parents; evening. Wedding of Miss Cora Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wilson of Boyle avenue, to Mr. Leroy W. Prewett, at home of the bride's parents; evening.

THURSDAY—Mrs. Morris Van Brunt of Water-town, N. Y., bridge luncheon at her winter home in Venice. Mrs. V. E. Maescher, musical at her home, 3215 Sixth avenue, for members of the Musical Salon. Mrs. Harry Tristam Coffin and Mrs. John Franklin Balliet, bridge party at home of Mrs. Coffin, on West Twentieth street; afternoon.

FRIDAY—Mrs. Helen Steckel, luncheon in compliment to Mrs. Willard Stimson, who leaves soon for trip abroad.

SATURDAY—Misses Edna and Gladys Letts of Hollywood, card party in compliment to their house guests, Miss Mabel Carson and Miss Leta McCartney of San Francisco; afternoon.

Word from Lucerne, Switzerland, announces the marriage there, Wednesday, of Miss Alice Jones, daughter of former Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones of Miramar, Santa Monica, to Mr. Frederick MacMonnies, the famous sculptor. Owing to the prominence of the principals the wedding has evoked much interest throughout the country as well as locally, where the bride's family has lived for many years. The ceremony in Lucerne was attended by the bride's mother and sister, Miss Georgina Jones, who will return to their home in Santa Monica in April. Another sister, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, and a brother, Mr. Roy Jones, live in Santa Monica. Senator Jones, father of the bride, who represented Nevada in the United States senate for thirty years, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday anniversary. Later, Mr. and Mrs. MacMonnies plan to return to the United States and will visit here.

Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke and her mother, Mrs. Joseph Henry Cooke of Chicago, with Mrs. H. Emery-Jones of New York, are being delightfully entertained while visitors here. Friday of last week, following Miss Cooke's enjoyable monologue, they were guests of the Friday Morning Club at luncheon. Monday, Miss Cooke and Mrs. Cooke were guests of honor at a small luncheon given by Mrs. Samuel T. Clover of La Salle avenue; Tuesday, Mrs. George Elmer Feagans of 2097 est Thirtieth street entertained with an informal dinner and theater party for Mrs. Emery-Jones, and Thursday, Miss Cooke was the special guest at an informal luncheon given at the California Club by Dr. Dorothea Moore.

Mrs. Ward Chapman of 254 North Soto street will give a tea Tuesday, March 29, in compliment to Mrs. J. S. Chapman, who will leave early in April for a trip abroad, and also for Mrs. Archibald McCutcheon, who will leave soon for an indefinite stay in Washington, D. C. Mrs. J. S. Chapman will sail from New York for Germany, where she will meet her daughter, Miss Mary Chapman, who has been in Europe for several months.

Mrs. W. W. Neuer of 843 South Bonnie Brae street entertained Wednesday with a breakfast in compliment to Mrs. Frank Larnes of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who, with her husband and daughter, will make her future home in this city, occupying a handsome home now being erected on Alvarado street. About

fifty guests were invited for Wednesday's affair. In the early summer, Mrs. Neuer plans to give a coming-out party for Miss Ruth Larned, who is her granddaughter. Miss Larned was graduated last year from National Park Seminary and has remained in the east to take a post-graduate course. She will join her parents here next June. Miss Larned is a charming young girl, and will be cordially welcomed into the exclusive younger set here.

One of the prettiest of the week's affairs was the luncheon Wednesday at which Mrs. Edward C. Magauran of 817 South Alvarado street was hostess. This was one of a series and luncheon was served at small tables at which the guests later played bridge whist. The decorations were in a color scheme of pink and white, carnations being combined with an artistic arrangement of ferns. Guests included Mmes. John Raymond Powers, Melvin R. Moore, George Bareford, S. S. Johnson, Sidney L. Darrin, George Walker, Elizabeth Nash, Robert Marsh, Louise Y. Pratt, Ralph Hagan, J. B. Cornwall, Paul Chase, James Wolcott of Rochester, N. Y., Percy Clark, John Lunchenbach, George Kress, C. F. Noyes; Misses Walker, Mabel Fisher, Canfield, Mercedes De Luna and Eugenie Rixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule entertained members of their family Sunday last at their home in Venice, the occasion being the christening of their two daughters, little Miss Alice Clara Rule, whose third birthday was celebrated last January, and Winnifred Louise Rule, whose first birthday anniversary is yet six months off. Mrs. Ferd K. Rule and Mrs. Frank A. McDonald, grandmother and aunt of the children, were godmothers of Alice, while Mr. Frank McDonald was named as godfather. The sponsors for the younger daughter were Mrs. John Milner, Jr., Mrs. Thomas M. Alton of San Mateo, and Mr. Charles L. Michod. Following the christening service a family dinner of sixteen covers was served.

Miss Georgie H. Off, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. A. Off of 2302 South Flower street, has returned to Los Angeles for the Easter holidays. Miss Off is accompanied by Miss Hazel Teetzel, her classmate at Miss Head's School at Berkeley, who is her house guest.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall for a dance to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club, Friday evening, April 8, for the members of the Scotch and "Fluffy Ruffles" groups of the recent Kirmess, for the chaperones of the two dances and their husbands. This event is planned to take the place of the affair planned by Mr. Marcus McL. Marshall for April in honor of the Scotch dancers.

Mrs. Willard Stimson, who is to go abroad this spring, will be the recipient of much social attention following Easter. April 1, Mrs. Helen Steckel will give a luncheon for Mrs. Stimson and the latter will be guest of honor Tuesday, April 5, at a bridge whist party with which Mrs. John T. Jones of 2637 Portland avenue will entertain. Mrs. Stimson, accompanied by Mr. Stimson, will leave Los Angeles April 15 for Seattle, where they will visit their son. From there they will go to New York, whence Mrs. Stimson will sail with friends for Europe. Mr. Stimson will return to Los Angeles.

Word has been received from Dr. Robert J. Burdette announcing the arrival of himself and Mrs. Burdette in Yokohama. They enjoyed a prolonged stay in Honolulu.

Gen. and Mrs. Robert Wankowski came down last week for a brief visit with their friends here. General Wankowski has returned again to San Francisco, but Mrs. Wankowski will remain over until after Easter, and will sing at the Easter service at Christ Episcopal church.

Simple in its appointments, and with only relatives present as witnesses, was the marriage of Miss Alice Provard to Mr. Frank W. Richards, Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Provard of 1316 Westlake avenue. Rev. William Horace Day, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational church, officiated at the ceremony. The bride wore a handsome gown of white net, made over white taffeta, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and



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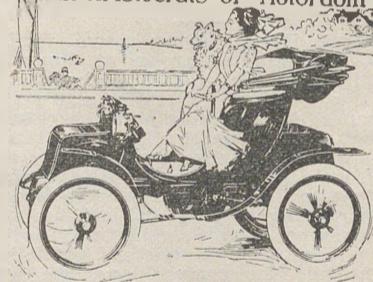
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ferns. There were no attendants. The house was beautifully decorated with a profusion of Easter lilies, the staircase, drawing-room and dining-room being artistically banked with the flowers and greenery. Following the service, Mr. and Mrs. Richards left for Coronado, where they will enjoy a short visit. Returning to Los Angeles, they will be at home at 1316 Westlake avenue. The groom, who is a young attorney of this city, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Richards of 1000 Ingraham street.

Many delightful society affairs are being given at Hotel del Coronado in conjunction with the international polo tournament being held there. Repre-

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sentatives of wealth and society from all over the coast and from eastern states as well are registered at the hotel and many brilliant dinner parties are being made features of the occasion. The tournament will be continued through to Wednesday of next week, and a big feature of the meet will be the international match for the All American Polo Trophy, to be held tomorrow. The second match for the All American Polo Trophy will be held Tuesday, March 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boyd Dunsmore of 3007 Halldale avenue celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary, Monday, and were given a delightful surprise party in the evening by about twenty of their friends. They were presented with a handsome colonial clock by the guests, who all came attired in old-fashioned clothing of a score or more years back. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cann, Mr. and Mrs. Philo Masten, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson Garret, Mrs. Marie Bradley, Mrs. William Allen of Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. James Geel, Mrs. Lee of London, England, Miss Bessie McEcheran and Miss Agnes Geel.

Miss Rose Zobelein and Mr. Charles Lick of St. Louis have chosen Thursday, May 5, as the date of their marriage. The ceremony will be celebrated in the evening at Christ Episcopal church, Rev. Baker P. Lee officiating. A number of the bride's friends in the St. Cecilia Club will sing the wedding hymn. Mrs. Will Maier will be the bride's matron of honor. Mr. Philip Zobelein will stand with the groom, and the flower girls will be little Misses Celia Zobelein and Leontine Maier. Miss Zobelein is one of the popular young women here, and many affairs have been given in her honor since the announcement of her betrothal, and other delightful entertainments are planned for her within the next few weeks.

Among the affairs of next week will be a bridge party which Mrs. Harry Tristam Coffin and Mrs. John Franklin Balliet will give, Thursday, March 13, at the home of the former on West Twentieth street.

Announcement is made that the marriage of Miss May Turner, daughter of Mrs. M. J. Turner of 746 South Bonnie Brae street, to Dr. Henry M. Rooney will take place Wednesday, April 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller G. Chanslor are among the Los Angelans who were at Hotel del Coronado this week, witnessing the polo games.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Stevens of Galesburg, Ill., who have been passing the winter in Los Angeles and other of the Southern California cities, have gone to Hotel del Coronado for an extended visit before returning to their home in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Simpson of New York were entertained at dinner at the Hotel Virginia, Wednesday, by Mrs. Ducommun, Miss Bertha Ducommun and C. A. Ducommun. Mrs. Simpson was formerly Miss Constance Jones, and is a sister of Mrs. James B. Lankershim. The same day Mrs. M. H. Lane and Miss Lane of Kalamazoo were entertained at the Virginia by Mrs. A. W. Black. Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Spellacy entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Duffield and Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kerr, and Miss Kerr of Lima, Ohio, and Miss Jessie Stevenson of Bellefontaine.

Mrs. O. M. Justice entertained Thursday with a box party at the Belasco Theater, her guests including Mrs. August Marquis and her guest, Miss Rose Steuble of Grand Rapids, Mich., Mrs. Sidney I. Darrin, Mrs. Edwin J. Brent and Mrs. Donald Keeler. After the matinee, tea was enjoyed at the Alexandria.

Mrs. Thomas Alton of San Mateo is a visitor here and is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Frank A. McDonald, on La Salle avenue. Tuesday, Mrs. Alton entertained at luncheon at Hotel Alexandria, her guests being Mrs. Frank McDonald, Mrs. Donald Keeler and Mrs. Frank K. Rule. The table was decorated in jonquils.

Society folk at Coronado are looking forward to the return to that port of the torpedo flotilla. The naval contingent there already has been largely augmented. The British sloop-of-war,

"Shearwater," Captain Crawford, commander, arrived in the bay Monday of last week from Acapulco. The "Shearwater," which is bound for Esquimalt, was to remain in port for a week or more. The U. S. revenue cutter "McCulloch" and the U.S.S. "Juston" also anchored there last week.

Mrs. Donald Gray Keeler of 933 New Hampshire street will be hostess Wednesday, March 30, at a bridge party to be given at her home in compliment to Mrs. M. B. Sheridan of St. Joseph, Mo., who is visiting here. Mrs. Keeler was assisted by Mrs. C. L. Higbee, Mrs. William Mackie and Mrs. O. M. Justice. Her guests included Messrs. William Vario, F. H. Nichols, Charles Guthrie, W. O. Morton, Frank McDonald, Arthur Smith, Frank K. Rule, Sidney I. Darrin, J. Crampton Anderson, J. J. Jenkins, Edward Germain, J. Sidle Lawrence, Mabel Kingman, Lucius Vogel, Snyder, R. G. Hamilton, Morris Van Brunt, M. E. Johnson, Ralph Levy, J. B. Tevis, Joy, Hugh Jones, Gertrude Fugate, Bernard Potter, Edwin J. Brent, Ralph Hagan, Frank A. Bowles, Frank Boswell, Thomas A. Alton of San Francisco and Miss Maude Elizabeth Richards.

Members of the Ebell Club will enjoy an interesting and instructive program at their regular Monday meetings in April. Monday, April 4, Mr. Arthur B. Wollaber, local forecaster of the U. S. weather bureau, will give a talk on "The Weather Bureau and Its Work." Mrs. Lou V. Chapin will speak on "Current Events" at the meeting April 11. Reports from the state convention of Woman's Federated Clubs will be a special feature at the meeting April 18, and this will be followed by piano selections by Miss Hazel C. Peterson, and an original dramatic sketch, "The Choice," by Miss Willamene Wilkes. Monday, April 25, Mrs. Lillian Burkhardt-Goldsmit will speak on "The Art of Great Artists: Duse, Nazimova, Julia Marlowe, Sir Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield."

Miss Marjorie Brown of Colegrove, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Neil Brown, is passing a few days at Arrowhead.

Mrs. Norman Sterry and the Misses Nora and Ruth Sterry went up to Arrowhead, Tuesday, for a brief stay.

Judge and Mrs. Henry C. Gooding and their daughter, Miss Gertrude Gooding, of 1926 Grand avenue have returned from a trip of several weeks to San Diego and Coronado.

Mrs. Gladys Corrigan of Kansas City, Mo., who has been passing the winter in Southern California, is a house guest of Mrs. Erasmus Wilson of Chester place.

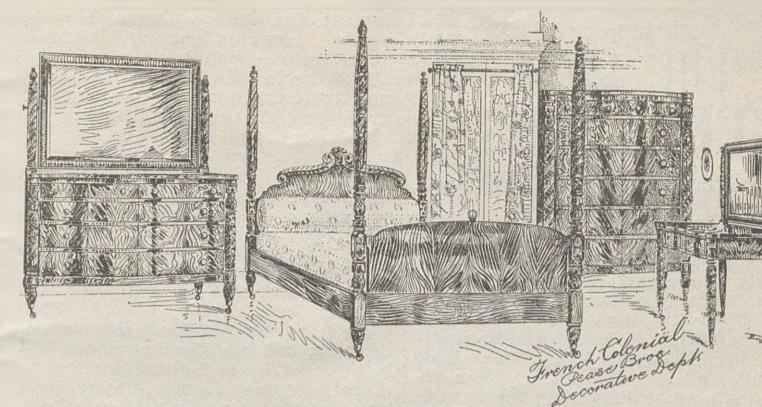
Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and the latter's daughter, Miss Nina M. Jones, accompanied by Miss Emily Hamesley of Pittsburgh, are at Coronado from Santa Barbara to witness the polo games.

Mr. S. Jarvis Adams of Pittsburgh, Pa., motored down to Coronado from Los Angeles, Thursday of last week. He was accompanied by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Charles A. Wolfe of Pittsburgh, Mrs. John L. Garner, Miss Virginia Garner and Miss Janette Garner of this city.

Dr. J. A. Edmonds of Los Angeles has returned from his ranch at Willcox, Ariz., and is at Hotel del Coronado for the polo tournament. Dr. Edmonds is said to be the greatest authority on polo in California and is acting as one of the judges.

Miss Ethelyn Dulin of this city and her mother, Mrs. E. G. Dulin, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Frank Belcher in San Diego during the polo tournament at Coronado.

One of the largest parties to circle the globe left Seattle, Saturday last, on a six months' tour around the world under the auspices of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. The itinerary includes Japan, China, Malaya Peninsula, Ceylon, India, Arabia, Egypt, Africa and an extended tour through Europe. Included in the party are Dr. and Mrs. Shelley H. Tolhurst, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Koepfli, Miss Hortense Koepfli, Master Joseph Koepfli, Dr. E. C. Buell, Mrs. Addison B. Day, Mrs. Mary C. Godfrey, Miss Myrtle Godfrey, Mrs. P. A. Garvie, Miss Alice Blanchard, Miss Adeleade M. Bindley, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh



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Miss Edith Emerson Spencer of 2637 North Griffin avenue left recently for a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Powell have moved into their new home at 1701 Westmoreland boulevard, where they will receive their friends.

Miss Margaret Seymour of 1691 West Adams street is entertaining, as a house guest, Miss Alice Spirk of Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Culver left Thursday for a short trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert O. Osborn of 1132 Harvard boulevard is entertaining Mrs. W. H. Hord and Mrs. James D. Byrne of San Francisco, and Mrs. G. F. Blankenship of Berkeley. The three will be guests here for several weeks, and a number of social affairs are planned for their entertainment.

Among the Los Angeles people at the Arrowhead Springs this week were Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Van Zandt, Mr. and Mrs. Runge and Miss Runge, and Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hart, George Ralphs and family, Saul Morris, E. J. Frost, W. A. Steinmann, Miss E. Craig, Miss E. Albert, Neil Brown and Miss Marjorie Brown.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark of West Adams street was hostess recently at an Easter luncheon given for eleven of her friends.

Among the pleasant social affairs of the week was the luncheon of twenty covers given Tuesday by Mrs. George

H. MacGinnis of 1587 West Thirty-fifth street. Golden poppies and white sweet peas were used in effecting a pretty decoration of the table and home, and the place cards were suggestive of Easter.

Invitations have been issued for a musical to be given at the Annandale Country Club, Wednesday afternoon, March 30, by Mrs. T. P. Phillips of Palmetto drive, Pasadena. Miss Clara Bussing of this city will assist, and about seventy-five guests will attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Kysor have returned to New York after two years in Europe. They will remain in the east for a short visit and will return to Los Angeles to make their home. Mr. Kysor is a successful young architect.

Mrs. Matthew W. Everhardy of Alvarado terrace was hostess Thursday of last week at a five hundred party, entertaining about fifty of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Shannon, who have been occupying Judge Burnett's residence on Beacon and Eighth streets, have gone east to remain for an indefinite visit, which probably will be prolonged until after the holiday season.

Mrs. G. T. Noyes of Washington street, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Marguerite Noyes, will leave soon for San Francisco to join Miss Noyes' brother, Mr. Edward Noyes, who will soon complete his third year in Berkeley. The three will sail together for a six months' tour of Europe.

In honor of her sister, Mrs. James Wolcott of Rochester, N. Y., who is her house guest, Mrs. Charles W. Chase of 1919 West Seventh street gave an informal bridge party Tuesday.

Mrs. W. E. Richardson of Menlo avenue and Miss Ramsburgh of West Adams street, this city, were visitors at Hotel del Coronado last week.

Mrs. Sidney J. Parsons and her sister, Mrs. A. C. Clakins of 625 North Belmont avenue, were hostesses Tuesday

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

Dr. L. L. Denny, Broadway Central Building, Office hours, 11 to 3. F3435.

AT
THE LOCAL
THEATERS

It would seem that Manager Morosco has drawn a prize in the lottery of chance in obtaining the services of Marjorie Rambeau, his new leading woman. She has jumped into instant popularity as the ingenuous little lodging house slavey in that sweetly sentimental idyll, "Merely Mary Ann." This Zangwill play is not great—it often offends one's sense of verity, its hero is a cad and its ending really unsatisfying and inartistic—and yet it has that human note of laughter and tears that will make it last long after the artistic drama has died from lack of nutrition. As the quaint Mary Ann, maid-of-all-work and innocent country maiden, and as the stately Marian, changed in five years from an awkward rustic to a self-possessed society bud, Miss Ram-

ing at the Mason Opera House this week, contains many reminiscent "chestnuts"—such as the old, old one about the invalid tomato. The songs do not tickle the tympani to any great degree, and the company seems to imagine that the louder it shrieks the more subtle will be its humor. McIntyre is decidedly the better fun-maker of the team, and carries the larger burden of the performance on his shoulders, which is a redeeming feature. The most acceptable offering of the performance is found in the "Romeo and Juliet" songs of Marion Stanley and John Pratt. Fletcher Norton as Bertie Scott does excellent dancing, but his stage presence is badly affected by self-consciousness. One might inform Carrie Reynolds that, although most newspaper people work at fever heat, they are not on the verge of brain fever, and that her characterization of a reporter would be far more effective were she to tone it down. The chorus contains several pretty girls, and is well costumed.

"The Easterner" at the Belasco
At the Belasco, where a Broadhurst



FLORENCE OAKLEY, IN "THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE BELASCO

beau plays brilliantly. She is fetching in the cap and apron and smudges of Mary Ann, and she is captivating in the Parisian gown of Marian. Her voice is liquidly sweet, her articulation good, her manner natural and girlish. Her conception of other characters will be awaited with interest, for if her "Mary Ann" is a criterion, Miss Rambeau is an actress of intellect. It must be confessed that her colleague's light is sadly dimmed by the brilliance of her characterization. Byron Beasley does not get into the character of Lancelot, the composer. One could better imagine Lancelot writing popular music than a sonata that would be handed down to posterity. The Beasley conception sadly lacks sympathy, and brings out Lancelot's caddish propensities to an overpowering degree. Each member of the company seems afflicted with the spirit of burlesque, thus robbing the play of its quiet satire and providing an incongruous background for Miss Rambeau's efforts.

"In Hayti" at the Mason

If a theatergoer sees McIntyre and Heath once, he is familiar with their jokes for all time. "In Hayti," the musical comedy which they are present-

regime is prevailing, the attraction this week is "The Easterner," which Nat Goodwin essayed a few years ago with unsuccessful results. In the hands of the Belasco company the play is an entertaining one, with its weaknesses almost obviated by the excellent acting of the individuals. A prime technical fault in the play is that the juvenile and ingenu roles are far the strongest, thereby detracting from the interest that should pertain to the leading man and woman, whose character parts are well-night colorless. Even the best endeavors of Lewis Stone and Helene Sullivan fail to inject more than a semblance of realism in their love scenes. Charles Ruggles as Bruce Morton makes the best of a splendid opportunity, whose admirable work earns him the warm approval of the audience. He is ably assisted by Beth Taylor, to whom brunette coloring is quite becoming. Miss Taylor's Janet Robbins is a fascinating young señorita, with all the ardor of her race for the man she loves. Charles Giblyn presents a high-class bit of character work in the role of Pedro Sanchez. His care in make-up is noteworthy. Another excellent role is entrusted to James K. Applebee, whose Lee Tang is a typ-

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ical celestial as to appearance and jargon-English. Richard Vivian makes a short, but dramatic appearance in the

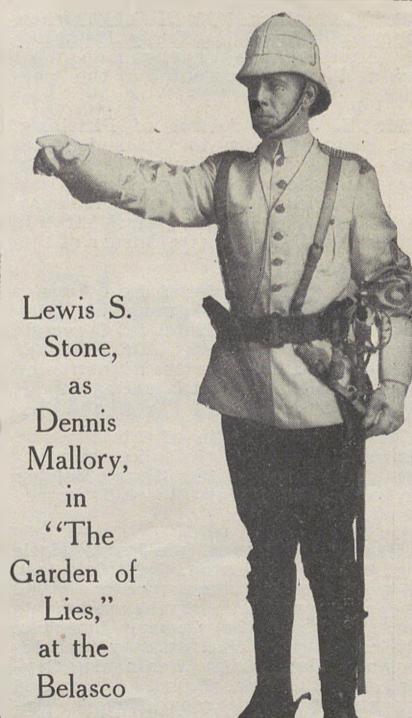
scoundrel. His acting is well restrained, and devoid of theatrics. William Yerance as Ike Robbins, the sheriff, gives a commendable portrayal. The Minerva Ringler of Ida Lewis is a humorous bit of the play, and one which is appreciated by the audience. Eileen Erroll has a more difficult role to sustain as Dora Johnson, a part to which she lends considerable distinction, especially in the third act, when she saves the life of Bruce Morton by her mute confession of guilt.

"Gingerbread Man" at the Majestic

Despite the fact of age, "The Gingerbread Man," this week's attraction at the Majestic, is anything else but stale theatrical fare. The play is a rollicking musical fantasy, with a pleasing injection of ginger and with interpolations of sprightly tunes. Wally Helston heads the company and does clever work in the title role. One of the best bits of the entire production is the difficult dancing he does. With the exception of Mr. Helston, there are few changes in the cast since the company's appearance here last year. Diminutive Rose Murray as Margery Daw shares largely in the honors and especially good is her acting of the mechanical doll. Ross Snow, in his former role of "Wondrous Wise," infuses a sprinkling of enjoyable comedy, and Inez Girard, as the Princess Sugar Plum, sings in a pleasing manner. A picturesque feature is the "Moon, Moon, Moon" song. The chorus is well trained and goodly to look upon, and the setting is—well, just a trifle travel worn, but not enough to mar the otherwise excellent points of the show.

"The Office Boy" at the Grand

Ferris Hartman's drolleries are irresistible as "The Office Boy," which serves as a vehicle for his talents this week. The entire production is praise-



Lewis S.
Stone,
as
Dennis
Mallory,
in
"The
Garden of
Lies,"
at the
Belasco

first act, before he rushes off the stage to be killed. Frank Camp's Morley Crawford is a realistic villain, with all the aplomb of a true, dyed-in-the-wool

worthy. It is well balanced, well sung, well played, and the fun is fast and furious. A prettier chorus would be difficult to find anywhere, and individual characterizations are all that could be desired. Hartman is IT this week, and he makes the most of every opportunity. His singing of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" and "I'm on the Water Wagon Now" are encored repeatedly—and deservedly so. Of course, Muggins Davies is a "peaches and cream" soubrette as Claire DeLune. What does it matter if she sings a bit off key, so long as she smiles and twinkles her graceful toes? Edith Mason's pleasing voice lends distinction to the role of Euphemia, and Myrtle Dingwall is fascinating as a fiery Spanish senorita. Comparisons are invidious, and it must be confessed that after witnessing syndicate musical comedies and those offered by the Hartman company, the local aggregation has decidedly the best of it. Their costumes

"Superstition," by Oliver White. Charles Bowser and Edith Hinkle, who have the leading parts, are no more convincing than the grating reporter, played by Maxfield Moree. However, the sketch is too good to be spoiled even by mediocre presentation. The Reed Brothers offer the last new act on the bill, with gymnastic feats requiring striking exhibitions of strength. The touch of comedy in their turn seems to have the desired effect on the risibles of the audience. Holdovers are Bert Leslie, LaVeen, Cross & Co., Emma Francis, and Thorne & Carlton—the latter in a sketch that contrasts sadly with their excellent offering of last week. Motion pictures of exceptional merit are interpolated throughout the bill.

Offerings for Next Week

Otis Skinner, in his latest New York success, "Your Humble Servant," will be the attraction at the Mason Opera



FLORENCE ROBERTS, IN "THE TRANSFORMATION," AT AUDITORIUM

are fresh and pretty, the scenery new and effective, and performances far better balanced.

Artistry at the Orpheum

Seldom does a vaudeville patron have the opportunity to "sit under" so finished an artist as Walter C. Kelly, whose world-famous turn, "The Virginia Judge," is given first place, in point of merit, on this week's Orpheum bill. Kelly's word pictures are so graphic that the listener is transported to the sleepy southern court room, and can almost hear the flies buzzing noisily through the open windows. His stories are quaint and humorous and his distinction between the various characters little short of masterly. Another unusually excellent act is Fred Lindsay's exhibition of feats with a stock whip. Lindsay, with a stage presence that rivals that of Lawrence d'Orsay, nonchalantly displays a marvelous skill with his strange weapon, performing his difficult tasks as easily as if he were drinking a cup of tea. A capital sketch, badly played, is "Su-

House Easter week. The new play is the joint work of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. It is a story of theatrical life, always a fascinating and delightful theme for the general public. Comedy and pathos abound in what is said to be a complete picture of life behind the scenes. Lafayette Towers, the hero, played by Mr. Skinner, is the type of the old school actor who never arrives, but never gives up. Mr. Skinner has been commended for playing Lafayette as a human being, not as a silk-hatted, frock-coated caricature. Under Charles Frohman's direction the play made a marked hit in New York, where it enjoyed a long run. Mr. Skinner has the support of a fine organization of associate artists.

Several Gotham managers will be in the audience Monday night to witness the first production of the new George Broadhurst play, "The Garden of Lies." The premier of a Broadhurst play arouses interest all over the country, and in Los Angeles, where Mr.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

The Auditorium

"THEATER BEAUTIFUL" L. E. BEHYMER, Manager.

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, MARCH 28.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Sam S. & Lee Shubert (Inc.) present the Distinguished Emotional Actress

Florence Roberts

Supported by White Whittlesey, in Rupert Hughes' New Play

The Transformation

Prices, \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c. 2,000 seats at 50c, 75c, \$1. Seat sale at Auditorium Box Office. Next Week—"GLORIA" and "CAMILLE."

The Auditorium

"THEATER BEAUTIFUL"

L. E. BEHYMER, Manager.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, 3 O'CLOCK SHARP.

Art Concert of the Season--Wagner Program

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra

HARLEY HAMILTON, Director. L. E. BEHYMER, Manager. Seat sale at Bartlett's—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. Boxes and loges \$2.

Mason Opera House

H. C. WYATT,

Lesser and Manager

Charles Frohman presents

OTIS SKINNER

In His Latest YOUR HUMBLE
New York SERVANT
Success

By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, authors of "The Man from Home" and a dozen famous successes.

Prices, 50c to \$2.00

Coming—"The Merry Widow."

Morosco's Burbank Theater

MAIN STREET
NEAR SIXTH
TONIGHT. MATINEE TODAY.

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Second Week of This Great Hit Begins Tomorrow.

Merely Mary Ann

TRIUMPHANT DEBUT OF MISS MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees, 25c. Except first ten rows, 50c. Gallery, 10c.

New Nielsen Theater

C. A. QUINTARD,
Grand Avenue, Near Seventh Street.

Manager.
Matinees at 2:30. Evenings at 8:30.

OPENING SATURDAY, APRIL 2, WITH

Hortense Nielsen

and her company in a massive production of Carmen

New production and play each week. Evening prices, 15, 25, 50, 75c. Box, \$1.00. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 10, 25, 50c. Box, 75c. Bargain matinees Tuesday and Thursday. All seats 25c. A pound box of Pin Ton Chocolates and Bon Bons given to each lady on the opening night. Week April 11, "Monna Vanna." Seats on sale eight weeks in advance.

Belasco Theater

BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Prop. and Mgrs.
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15.
WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MARCH 28, 1910.

LEWIS S. STONE

And the Belasco Theater Company will present George Broadhurst's new romantic drama, the first time on any stage.

THE GARDEN OF LIES

Reappearance of Florence Oakley.

Grand Opera House

Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Every Night in the Week at 8:15.

Special Engagement of GEORGIANA STRAUSS,
With Every Member of the Big Ferris Hartman
Opera Company in Bizet's Opera (in English)

CARMEN

Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, MARCH 28

Clara Belle Jerome & Co.,

Walter C. Kelly,

in "Joyland"

Matinee Every Day,
Both Phones 1447

Winona Winter,

"The Virginia Judge"

"The Little Cheer-up Girl"

Stock Whip Expert

Felix, Barry & Co.,

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"The Boy Next Door"

in "Superstition"

Reynold & Donegan,

Reed Brothers,

Experts on roller skates

Acrobatics and Comedy

Orpheum Motion Pictures

Every night, 10, 25, 50, 75c.

Matinee every day, 10, 25, 50c.

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

It isn't often that a little boy out of a fairy story is born to a quest, but this is what happened to Homer Davenport, the cartoonist. In the preface to his book, "My Quest of the Arab Horse," he explains his purpose in going to the orient. He wanted to breed a race of horses with the use of the pure blood Arab horse, as useful to mankind as was the Morgan horse when at its greatest. But that all grew out of a child's imagination. At the age of three, in Oregon, in 1871, he began drawing and painting "Arabian horses." His father had told him about them, about the love of their masters for them, and the care and pride bestowed upon them. All this was suddenly revived in his mind when, in Chicago, just before the opening of the World's Fair. One day he heard weird music and saw several graceful and beautiful horses falling and regaining their feet on a wet and slippery pavement. Something in his blood told him at once that these were Arab horses, although he had never seen one—and right there the quest began. Where it carried him, and its results form a romantic and racy story.

Armed with an Iraide secured by the Turkish minister at Washington, urged by the president, Mr. Davenport, with two companions, started on a long journey to the great desert to secure and bring back to America the purest blooded Arab horseflesh to be found. The tribe of the Aneseh, the fiercest fighters among the Bedouins roaming at large on the Arabian desert, was their destination. It had to be reached, however, by circuitous ways. Beginning at Constantinople, with an audience with the Sultan, they had to run the gamut of spies, officious petty governors, unwilling sheiks, and tricky Arabs. The story is an interesting one, and the quest only succeeded because of the boundless enthusiasm and winning personality of Mr. Davenport. He fortunately made a friend of Akmet Hafez, the ruling prince of all the desert. He is described as entering the room when they went to call on him, with the stride of Henry Irving and the noble bearing of Grover Cleveland.

He proved to be the poets' Arab, courteous, faithful to vows, a lover of horses, and a man in authority over all the roving Bedouins. He made a present to Mr. Davenport of his great war mare, "Wadduda," and Said Abdalla, the boy who cared for her. The mare was a present from the Supreme Ruler "and nothing but a gift from Allah could exceed her." With this for a start—the securing of his twenty-seven priceless horses was made almost easy. The pedigrees are kept of these fine horses, and there is much of romance and legend in their histories. There are five great families of the true Arab horse, called Khamschah, and according to legend, they descend from the five mares, which with other mares of King Solomon, were drinking at a river after a hard battle, when the trumpet blew, calling them back to the conflict.

Only five responded to the call. It was these five which founded the five great families; they are as follows: 1. The Kehilanagjuz, meaning the "man of the old woman," of course there is a story. They are the swiftest horses. 2. The Seglawi family, ranking first in the esteem of the Bedouins after the Hamdani; 3. Hamdani, favorite; 4. Abeyan, handsomest; 5. Hadban. There are countless other breeds but the Arabic names will mean little to the lay brother. It is the human interest of the quest that makes the story fascinating. ("My Quest of the Arab Horse," By Homer Davenport. B. W. Dodge Co.)

"From the Bottom Up"

Can it be that Jack London found his suggestion for "Martin Eden" in the life story of Alexander Irvine? True, there are points of wide divergence, but to the fertile brain of the fictionist these might easily be adjusted to suit the conveniences of the recitalist. Certainly, Alexander Irvine's autobiography, "From the Bottom Up," strikingly

reminds one of London's recent production, with the difference that from a remote source Irvine received the heritage in earliest childhood of Moretto's young Venetian noble, whose face told of vague, insatiable yearning—"consumed with excess of desire"—while London's hero was "awakened" by the love of a beautiful woman after he had reached manhood's estate. Irvine's nature, it appears, was innately, deeply religious, growing beyond the empty shells of form with years, but retaining their subtle strength, while London's hero was at no time moved by the chant of service or perfume of swinging censer, the outward signs of the worship of the shadow of the cross adown the ages. His phenomenal acquisition of an education and his rise in mental altitude, power and vision, from the shoeless, hatless and ragged news vendor, contributing fifty cents a week to the meager family treasury, to the successful magazine writer and minister of the gospel, with the further addition of the polish of an acquaintance with Greek and languages and of artistic conceptions at the sources of creation, present striking similitude, as well as dissimilarity.

This transformation is wrought by successive steps through the seemingly discouraging, nay, more, brutalizing, stages of ditch-digger, groom, miner, soldier and sailor, or ash heaver, canvasser, elevator man, milk-wagon driver, mucker—a list so varied as to be beyond belief. But always inspired with a great desire to do good, to bring a little light into darkened lives, the light within his own soul continued to gleam and lead him on until it was "seen of men," and remarkable opportunities for fame, that a more selfishly ambitious man would have seized to climb to glory among his fellows, appear at every turn. Not the least entertaining is his account of his slum work.

While yet in his thirties, "with the door of his soul shut, filled with doubts as to the moral order of the universe, doubt on the question of God"—swung from narrowest of orthodoxy, induced by his bitter experiences, he contemplates suicide—even as Martin Eden did. But his story ends more happily and healthfully—and more wonderfully. London might have found glorious inspiration therein had he looked with spiritually keen eyes. Irvine's acquaintance with Jack London, who inspired him to use his talents in literary lines for profit and who gave fresh impetus and order to his growing socialistic ideas, strengthens the impression that Martin Eden is a combination of Irvine, London and a pinch of pure romance. One criticism of the book is that the epitome of his social and political deductions in the closing chapter was not included in the one preceding. It is a more logical and artistic conclusion to an otherwise well-told tale, the more interesting because it is true. The writer is at present acting as "layminister" of the Church of the Ascension in New York. ("From the Bottom Up." By Alexander Irvine. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Magazines For April

April issue of the American has for its dominant note an article on Roosevelt, his personality and universal popularity. The contribution, which is written by Ray Stannard Baker, and is entitled, "The Impending Roosevelt," deals with the present status of the ex-president, who, despite his retirement from the chief executive office and his absence from the United States, is still the most widely discussed man in the country today. "The Spring Training," by Hugh S. Fullerton, is a narrative of the preparatory training down to condition of the star baseball players of the country. An interesting feature is the article on the vaudeville stage of today, wherein the writer deplores the lowering of former standards and the caterer of the better-class vaudeville houses to vulgar minds. "The Riddle of High Prices" is contributed by Elizabeth Hewes, being a collection of answers to the puzzling question of the day. "Barbarous Mexico" in this issue dwells on the personal observations of two Englishmen upon slavery in Yucatan. Wallace Irwin contributes another Togo tale, telling of the artistic adventures of Prof. Sven Golly and Hon. Miss Trilby. John T. McCutcheon, Dr. Charles McCarthy, Gen. Leonard Wood, Theodore N. Vail, Josephine Daskam Bacon and R. F. Foster are pictured.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. George C. Pardee, with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weilby of Oakland, motored down from the

CEREBRATIONS OF BYRON KENT

AS REPORTED BY LUKE NORTH

"California literature," said Byron Kent, "is—." He was waiting for me. I "bit," and asked, "Is what?"

"Is not," he said, "nor will it ever be, nor is it desirable that it should be."

"And yet there is much talk of it," I said, "and now and then a book to exploit it. We hear much about 'California writers.'"

"Which is the reason of my animadversions at this time," he said sententiously. "The test of literature, as I have told you before, is the universality thereof. Language is the only dividing line in literature. There is English, French, German, Scandinavian literature, etc. But the masterpieces of all tongues transcend the tongues of their nativity—it is the final test of master work. Narrowing the term a good deal, it might be said that there is an English, an American and an Australian literature—a distinction scarcely allowable, however. But to talk of California literature is to babble. Why not Kansas, Alabama, Nevada? Every state in the Union then must have its literature—and there is San Pedro and Watts. As for 'California writers,' the distinction is meaningless. How many of them were born or educated here—or their work published here—or even written here?

"But think of the numerous company of good writers—some of world-statue—who have come out of California," I said.

"You put it well," said Byron. "They come out of California—or their recognition would not extend beyond the purview of the literary circles of Reno and Saugus. It was London that recognized Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Ambrose Bierce. And Mark Twain never deserved recognition till after he had left San Francisco. Of the English-speaking world, London is the literary center, with New York, in recent years, a close second. Without the approval of London or New York no English writer produces literature.

"Of course, it is arbitrary and unjust, no doubt, but it is—and in the nature of things it is necessary. Get the London or New York stamp on your goods and it is literature, for the time being. Without that stamp, though an archangel come from heaven and write in words of fire, his work were not literature, but only writing."

"You are speaking in the present tense," I cautioned.

"Certainly. Posterity is always the final arbiter in the question of literature. And I am speaking, too, of artistic values—not commercial values. The trade-mark of London or of New York is of slight value commercially.

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

at a luncheon given for Mrs. L. B. Torrey, who the day preceding celebrated her eightieth birthday anniversary. Covers were laid for twelve. Monday, Mrs. Torrey was special guest at an affair given by the members of the Ebell Club, of which she is the senior member.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Brauer of this city were week-end visitors at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. John W. Eddy, with her children, and Mrs. Thomas Garrett, all of Seattle, have taken apartments for a month's stay at Del Monte. They are fond of motoring, and pass part of every day on the glorious drives about the place.

Mrs. Charles E. Perkins of Burlington, Iowa, the wife of the president of the Burlington Route, is at Del Monte with her maid and chauffeur. Mrs. Perkins is touring the state, and will be there for several weeks, enjoying the incomparable beauty of the many drives about the place.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who was Miss Virginia Fair, arrived at Del Monte, Sunday, with her children. Mrs. Vanderbilt has engaged a suite of eight rooms, and is planning to remain throughout the summer.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. George C. Pardee, with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weilby of Oakland, motored down from the

At El Centro, Cal., is a writer who has managed to struggle along without the literary endorsement. He writes "That Printer of Udell's" and many other quick-selling novels of the same order, and is in receipt of frequent checks from his publisher, aggregating not less than \$30,000 a year. While in London, Stephen Phillips has become a bankrupt for \$3,000."

I started to say something here—

"Yes, you are going to say that you would rather have written 'Marpessa' and die in the poorhouse than be the author of 'Udell's Printer' and die in a palace. And if we were talking of things beneath the surface of life I might allow myself to sympathize with you. But we are talking for publication, remember, and there is, after all, some degree of truth in the thought that, says two hundred years from now, it won't matter much, even to you, and certainly not at all to the world, whose name is signed to 'Marpessa.'"

"It is perhaps true that California has been the native, temporary, or adopted home of a greater number of good prose writers, poets and artists than any other state in the union except New York. The list of artists that one could name off-hand is formidable—William Keith, Tom Hill, Theodore Wores, Amadee Joullin, Ernest Piexotto, Jules Pages, Moran, Cahill, Fisher, Yelland, Nankeville—men whose works have received the approval of New York and London and Paris. To mention the poets and prose writers who have come out of California and left the impress of their work on contemporary English letters—from Bret Harte to Jack London and Frank Norris—would be a day's work.

"And the point of it all is that they had to leave California in order to gain recognition enough to enable them to live from the proceeds of their work. California is quick and loud to proclaim this or that successful writer or artist as her own true son, but the fact is that she never yet has bestowed a crown upon one of them, or substantially encouraged one to remain here. San Francisco despised Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller could starve on her streets any day, so far as the reading public is concerned. Gelette Burgess failed in San Francisco with his 'Lark,' the twenty-four numbers of which now sell for ten dollars. Yone Noguchi would have starved in San Francisco, but for the helping hand of Miller, Joullin, Piexotto, Ina Coolbrith, Henry George—O, the list of good and true artists who have all but starved in San Francisco would make a book—and one day, when they are all dead, I will write it."

north to Del Monte last Tuesday and passed the remainder of the week there. The trip was a delightful one, and the entire party was greatly charmed with the Del Monte drives and with the climate there.

Mr. Pen H. Leslie of this city, accompanied by Messrs. Harry A. Fitzgerald, Jr., and Mr. Anson Lick of Pasadena and Mr. Arthur C. Gabriel of San Diego, were guests at Hotel del Coronado Saturday and Sunday.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Stevens are among other distinguished guests who find Del Monte's charm irresistible. They were there last year for six months, and have again engaged apartments for a long sojourn in that delightful spot.

Mr. Will Hough, the well-known playwright, who passed several seasons at Hotel del Coronado, has returned there to witness the international polo tournament. Mr. Hough, of Adams and Hough, is one of the most successful authors of musical comedy.

Mr. W. G. Hunt was a week-end visitor at Hotel del Coronado, as were Mr. C. L. Bundy and L. D. Loomis.

BOOKPLATES

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At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

Broadhurst is so well known, the first performance of "The Garden of Lies" is awaited with keen anticipation. Florence Oakley will make her reappearance as leading woman of the Belasco company, in the part of Princess Eleanor, the heroine of "The Garden of Lies." Mr. Stone will have what his management declares to be the best part of his career in the role of Dennis Mallory, a young Irishman, care-free, big-hearted and impetuous, with a fondness for a pretty woman. Mr. Broadhurst's play is founded on Justus Miles Forman's story of the same name, although it is given a new conclusion. Scenic Artist Brunton has prepared striking stage pictures for the production. Besides Mr. Stone and Miss Oakley, the cast will include Miss Errol, Miss Taylor, Miss Farrington, Mr. Vivian, Mr. Camp, Mr. Ruggles, Mr. Yerance, Mr. Scott, Mr. Giblyn and a number of others.

With enthusiastic audiences packing the theater nightly, Manager Oliver Morosco finds himself compelled to continue "Merely Mary Ann" for a second week at the Burbank Theater, beginning with the usual Sunday matinee performance and including a matinee Saturday. Miss Marjorie Rambeau, the Burbank's new leading woman, has made a hit in the principal role, and will, of course, continue in it. There will be no change whatever in the cast, Byron Beasley, David Landau, Harry Mestayer, John W. Burton, Willis Marks, Henry Stockbridge, H. S. Duffield, Louise Royce, Ethel von Waldron, Lovell Alice Taylor and others of the popular Burbank company repeating their characterizations.

Saturday night, April 2, the new Nielsen Theater, Seventh and Grand, will open its doors for the first time under the management of C. A. Quintard. Miss Hortense Nielsen and a capable company will present the Olga Nethersole version of the great drama, "Carmen." Many persons have confused the Nielsen offering with the Bizet opera, to be given at the Grand Opera House. The two have no connection, as no operas will be presented at the Nielsen Theater. For three weeks or more the Nielsen stock company has been rehearsing under the direction of Joseph De Grasse, whose attainments are well known in Los Angeles. Hortense Nielsen is a sister of Alice Nielsen, the prima donna, and is recognized as an able exponent of Ibsen drama. Matinees will be given Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays—Tuesday's matinee being a bargain performance. The theater, formerly known as the Walker, has been renovated and refurnished. A special feature is the tea room, where two Japanese girls will serve tea free of charge to all woman patrons.

Florence Roberts utilizes European drama for a starring vehicle this season to signalize her appearance as a Shubert star. Her new play is "The Transformation," and will be seen at the Auditorium Theater the week of March 28. Miss Roberts will appear as Collinette Moreau, a Parisian seamstress, who marries a nobleman. Collinette's love for her husband is ideal, but their tranquil, happy existence is broken by the death of Collinette. Philippe, the husband, two years later discovers a living image of his dead wife, in the person of Elika, a ballet girl. How he wins her love and transforms her soul forms the motif of the drama. Miss Roberts plays the dual character, and has a supporting company which is said to be of uniform excellence.

Ferris Hartman is making an important offering for a light opera organization in producing Bizet's opera, "Carmen," in English, at the Grand Opera House next week. In order to do so he has reinforced his company with two well-known principals, especially engaged for the occasion, besides using his successful leading people. Mr. Hartman has also enlarged his orchestra to grand opera dimensions. Georgiana Strauss, late of the Manhattan Opera Company, has been especially engaged for the name role. Miss Strauss is a young woman of beauty and presence, and is more than favorably remembered for her work with

the International company, which played here last season. Mr. Charles Farwell Edson will be the Escamillo. Thomas H. Persse will have the role of Don Jose, and Edith Mason will play Micaela. Joseph Fogarty, another operatic veteran, is cast in the part of Zuniga. Mr. J. A. Raynes, who will hold the baton for the production, is qualified by long experience to interpret the opera. Costumes and scenery will be elaborate, with the famous "beauty" chorus displaying to advantage its singing talents. Following "Carmen," Mr. Hartman will offer a big revival of Offenbach's opera, "Love Tales of Hoffman."

What should prove a strong bill will be offered by the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, March 28. Heading the new list is Clara Belle Jerome, last seen here in musical comedy with Frank Daniels. This time she appears in a miniature opera, "Joyland," with eight "dancing Toodles" and William Seymour. There are many changes of costume and many new songs to enliven the act. Winona Winter, who has established herself as "The Golden Girl," returns to vaudeville for a limited tour, after several seasons in the Frohman ranks. In addition to her songs, Miss Winter will offer examples of her ventriloquial work. George Felix and Lydia Barry, with Miss Barry's two sisters, have a skit called "The Boy Next Door," which is described as a "bit of foolishness," warranted to produce laughs. Roller skating is not new as a stage diversion, but it is said that the Earle Reynolds-Nellie Donegan team has novel feats, among which is the famous "Merry Widow" waltz. The "Human Top" number by Miss Donegan is said to cause the spectators to "sit up and take notice." Fred Lindsay, the whip expert; Walter Kelly, "The Virginia Judge;" Bowser, Hinkle & Co. in "Superstition," and Reed Brothers are held over, with new motion pictures to complete the bill.

Asides

Lewis Stone was the victim of his own joke last Monday at rehearsal for "The Easterner." In this Broadhurst drama Stone uses a pair of handcuffs. Despite her protests, he captured the unwilling Eileen Errol and laughingly clasped one bracelet on her wrist and one on his own. After a while he decided to release his victim. Search for the property man, Ed Buskirk, ensued, as Buskirk possessed the only key to the situation. Alas, Edward had hid himself to luncheon to appease the cravings of the inner man. Edward was hungry that day, and, as a result, Mr. Stone and Miss Errol were the butts of much good-natured bantering from the company, until the all-important property man returned, an hour or so later.

Los Angeles will have an embarrassment of riches week after next. At the Mason Opera House that worldwide success, "The Merry Widow," will hold the boards, and at the Majestic Henry Woodruff will be seen in the fascinating operetta, "The Prince of Tonight." Both attractions will offer an act to the managers' benefit, which is scheduled for April 7.

Desolation will reign at the Burbank and Majestic theaters ere long, for the genial Sidle Lawrence has deserted the ranks of press agents. He declares his intention of returning to newspaper grind, but only to the extent of keeping the pot boiling. His leisure time will be devoted to writing the great American drama.

Maud Allan is certain to be greeted with crowded audiences when she dances at the Auditorium for two nights and a matinee, April 11, 12 and 13. She will be assisted by a full symphony orchestra.

Marguerite Banks, whose home is in Los Angeles, has been engaged by the Shuberts to create the leading role in "Madame Troubadour." Miss Banks is known in professional life as Marguerite Namara.

Brief Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. Melanethon Smith, accompanied by Miss Freda Frost, arrived at Hotel del Coronado Wednesday of last week for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Comstock of Chicago are touring through California, and have with them Mr. H. Robbins,

the International company, which played here last season. Mr. Charles Farwell Edson will be the Escamillo. Thomas H. Persse will have the role of Don Jose, and Edith Mason will play Micaela. Joseph Fogarty, another operatic veteran, is cast in the part of Zuniga. Mr. J. A. Raynes, who will hold the baton for the production, is qualified by long experience to interpret the opera. Costumes and scenery will be elaborate, with the famous "beauty" chorus displaying to advantage its singing talents. Following "Carmen," Mr. Hartman will offer a big revival of Offenbach's opera, "Love Tales of Hoffman."

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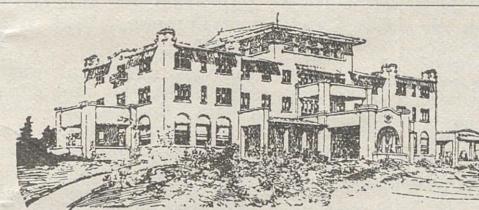
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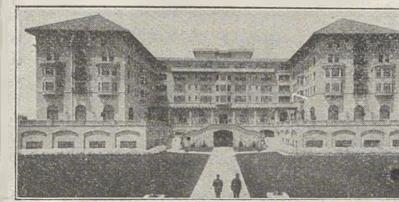
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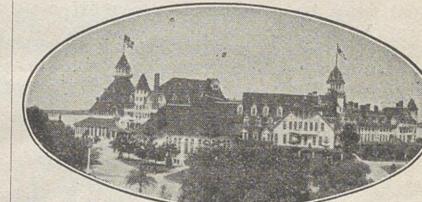
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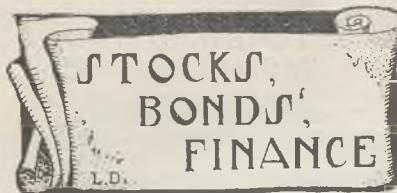
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New York has begun to take notice of California oils, and the result is added stiffness to market conditions this week. With Associated soon to be listed in Wall street, and with several of the lesser local petroleum securities also making an early appearance on the New York curb, the good times ahead for exchange trading, here as well as in San Francisco, bid fair to continue indefinitely. The end may be a season of irresponsible speculation, that will cause disaster to many persons not able to stand the inevitable loss; that has been the history of mining stock speculation, and other similar booms, with which the trade is familiar, and that the present oil activity is fairly certain to lead to a similar goal may be accepted as a matter of course. Just the same, all of the best of the petroleum stocks known in this and in the San Francisco market, continue to climb, with the lower-priced specialties the favorites among those who are playing the market at this time.

Associated insists upon whipsawing itself, up a point one day and down the next to the same extent. While the stock would indicate a purchase at this time, due to the market being technically in much better position than ever before, existing conditions may be not reliable. But the shares are absorbed always at a price which, considering the forty million dollars' worth outstanding, is a wonder, to say the least.

Attempts made this week to crack Union wide open failed utterly, and the shares of all of the Stewart issues are more firmly held just now than they have been for months. Nevertheless, all of these stocks must increase their dividend, if they are to remain public favorites.

Doheny Mexicans are strong, with profit-taking noticeable in Mexican Common. The stock should go much higher at an early day. The American Dohenys are not active at this time, although there has been a scaling in prices in these issues.

Olinda recently has joined the investment shares, along with Central and others of the well-known reliables. The former has had a rise of ten points since the last report, due to a renewal of dividend disbursements. Central continue firm around two dollars.

That dynamic performer, California Midway, among the cheaper issues, has crossed seventy for good, so its promoters claim, and Cleveland, Oleum and Section Six appear to be looking up.

New Penn and Palmer are securing a firm foothold with more than par predicted for the former next month, because of a gusher due almost any day. Both companies own valuable production in the Santa Maria field.

In the banking list First National is firm around 500, and Merchants National has been 600 bid this week, with stock not to be had, apparently, at any price. Central National, Southern Trust and Citizens are not so strong.

Bonds are firm, with transactions in this class of securities limited in volume.

Los Angeles, Santa Monica and San Diego, among the Home telephone issues, are soft, with sales in all of these shares recently at pretty nearly the bottom price.

Money is in demand, with no change in rates since the last report.

Banks and Banking

For the purpose of promoting a friendly spirit between the banks of Los Angeles, a representation of fourteen of the local institutions met Wednesday and organized the Associated Savings Bank and Trust Company. It is expected that this organization will prove one of the most important factors in the banking business of the southwest, as the members will meet from time to time to talk over the banking business; the ways of improving the savings system, and all points which will tend toward the betterment of the banks. Officers of the new association are J. F. Sartori, president; J. C. Drake, vice-president, and J. W.

Phelps, Jr., secretary. As executive committee to serve for the coming year, was appointed as follows: J. F. Sartori, J. C. Drake, Dr. M. N. Avery, O. J. Wigdal, M. P. Snyder, Willis H. Booth and L. J. Stewart. The banks represented at the organization of the association were Security Savings, German-American Savings, Los Angeles Trust and Savings, Southern Trust, American Savings, Equitable Savings, Home Savings, Merchants' Bank and Trust Company, California Savings, International Savings and Exchange, Bank of Southern California, Oil and Metals Bank and Trust Company, Park Bank, and Traders' Bank.

Following the visit of a bank examiner about a fortnight ago and consequent rumors of liquidation which were set afloat, the First National Bank of Rhyolite went into involuntary liquidation Tuesday. Last week Oscar J. Smith, president of the institution, resigned, and since then the other officials of the bank have tried hard to stem the tide, but failed. Since Thursday of last week no deposits have been credited, and more than \$4,000 will be returned to intending depositors. The bank has deposits of \$75,000, and it is stated that the institution will undoubtedly be able to pay off depositors in full. Three years ago this bank had deposits of \$1,200,000.

State Bank Examiner M. M. Van Fleet of Nevada in his annual report to Governor Dickerson states that the banks of that state are in a healthy condition. The report shows that there were two bank failures in Nevada in 1909, but both of these institutions were of minor importance, one at Pioneer and the other at Rhyolite. In each of these failures the creditors, through the Nevada bank commission, were able to pay out dollar for dollar. Three banks liquidated, and one is now in the course of liquidation. The other banks, numbering about twenty-five, are in good financial condition.

Announcement is made of the merging of the Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco with the San Francisco Savings Union, the deal consummating one of the biggest financial amalgamations in the history of the northern city. The first-named organization has been in existence for fifty-three years, and the Savings Union for forty-eight years. The combined surplus capital of the two banks will aggregate \$3,500,000, and the combined deposits will exceed \$30,000,000.

Riverside residents viewed an unusual sight the other day, when the First National Bank there moved its currency to the vaults of the Riverside Savings Bank and Trust Company, preparatory to the razing of the former bank's building and the construction of a new one. The transfer wagon with its load of wealth was closely guarded during its transmission from the one bank to the other.

Following the razing of the First National Bank building of Riverside, work will be begun on the construction of a handsome new building for the bank. The old structure was built twenty years ago. The new bank building will be of four stories.

Incorporation papers have been filed for the First Savings and Commercial Bank of San Jacinto. The new institution has a capital of \$25,000, and will have as directors, A. G. Hubbard of Redlands, A. Domenigoni of Winches- ter and C. L. Emerson of San Jacinto.

Plans are being drawn for the new Federal Bank building in East Los Angeles, and the proposed structure is to be one of model convenience in its general arrangements. The structure will be of brick and will cost \$11,661.

Calexico's First National Bank was opened for business recently in the Calexico Bank block, which quarters it will occupy until the completion of the new Holt block, where its permanent location will be made.

Application has been made by the Sixth Street Bank of San Diego to change its name to the Central Bank of San Diego. The bank will move from its old location to the new Grant building at Fourth and D streets.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Even allowing for a decided diminution in the output of new bonds and notes during the remaining two weeks of the current month, the total amount

of new issues for the first quarter of the year may be conservatively estimated at somewhere in the neighborhood of \$125,000,000, exclusive of municipals. This figure will establish a new record, for recent years at least, exceeding the 1909 total for the corresponding period by more than \$50,000,000, and the 1908 total by approximately \$185,000,000, and the 1907 total by \$75,000,000.

There will be a special election held in Los Angeles, April 19, to vote on the proposition of incurring debts for the following purposes: For the construction of docks, wharves and warehouses in the boundary of Los Angeles, also streets and highways, at an estimated cost of \$2,000,000; for work to be done in the outer harbor, also for the construction of docks, wharves and warehouses to be constructed in the city in the outer harbor of San Pedro or Wilmington Bay, at a cost of \$1,000,000; for the acquisition and construction of a general and distributing electricity works for supplying with electricity, this to cost \$3,500,000. These bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

Long Beach citizens will hold an election April 19 to vote bonds in the sum of \$75,000 for repairing and improving the double-decked cylinder pier at the foot of Pine avenue, and \$50,000 for the building of a 1,000-foot pier at the foot of Thirty-ninth place. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

Members of the Ventura county grand jury have placed themselves on record as favoring the construction of bridges wherever needed and the building of goods roads, and have recommended the calling of a bond election to vote \$1,000,000 for these purposes.

Bids will be received by the city clerk of Newport until the evening of March 29 for the purchase of a \$40,000 water bond issue. These bonds will bear interest at the rate 5 per cent per annum. Certified check must be for 2 per cent of the amount bid.

Members of the board of education of Pasadena, members of the Child Study Clubs of that city and Superintendent A. L. Hamilton of the public schools there, are arranging for a campaign for a school bond election to raise funds for the erection of a new high school.

April 15 has been set for a special election at Claremont to vote bonds in the sum of \$3,500 for alterations and completion of the present city hall; \$4,000 for an automobile chemical and hose fire truck and \$12,500 for street work.

Electors of the Somerset school district will hold an election April 9, when bonds in the sum of \$9,500 will be sold, the funds to be used for school purposes. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

On a bid of \$121.50 premium, the American Savings Bank of Los Angeles this week bought the \$6,000 bonds of the Randolph school district. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

At a recent election held in Ontario, voters declared themselves in favor of bonding the city in the sum of \$52,000. The bonds carried are for the South Side Park, the city hall and park and school bonds.

Directors of Glendale and Eagle Rock Railway have filed a certificate with County Clerk Keyes to create a bonded indebtedness of \$25,000 as authorized at a meeting last year.

In National City the \$25,000 bond issue for the improvement of the National City schools was defeated.

London's Big Gambling Craze

Speculators in New York who are periodically lectured by staid British journals are indulging in a chuckle over the gambling craze now raging abroad, says the Journal of Commerce. More columns are taken up with glowing prospectuses than with censure. The total output of new capital in London, from January 1 to the beginning of last week, was \$283,000,000, the heaviest for any year on record with the exception of 1909, when the total was \$295,000,000. In February no fewer than thirty-seven new rubber companies were floated with a capital of \$95,000,000, and since then every day has

brought a fresh batch of prospectuses depicting in alluring colors the fortunes to be drawn from rubber trees in the four corners of the earth. In the whole of 1908 less than \$11,000,000 new capital was asked for the exploitation of the rubber industry, a total applied for in one week this year. Shades of the South Sea Bubble, the Secretan Copper Boom and the Dutch Bulb mania.

Activity in American Shipbuilding

Official figures on shipbuilding in the United States in 1909 show that the total tonnage built was 281,217. Of this total the American Shipbuilding Company produced 87,951 tons, or 31 per cent. These figures show how much the great lakes contribute to the total shipping interests of the country. The American Shipbuilding Company's yards are now fully employed, and orders are so plentiful that premiums are paid for prompt delivery of vessels under contract. The indications are that the earnings of the company in the fiscal year to end with June will be largely above those of the earnings in 1908-09. In the market there have been reports that the dividend on the common stock would be raised from the 4 per cent now being paid. The directors have always been unusually conservative, however, in matters of dividends on the common, though in two extra good years they paid as high as 6 per cent. There are no bonds on the company's plants, and the preferred stock dividend of 7 per cent calls for only \$553,000. In the year ended June 30, 1909, there was a balance of \$325,000, or about 4.25 per cent on the common stock, and the early part of that period was extremely dull in the shipbuilding business. The company's total surplus at the end of last year was \$6,423,000.

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